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JAPAN GIVES THE DEPARTING AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AN OVATION

Cyrus E. Woods, on the eve of sailing for home, was acclaimed by grateful Tokyo, in recognition of our speedy relief to earthquake-stricken Japan.



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AT LAST HE IS REPUBLICAN FLOOR LEADER OF THE HOUSE

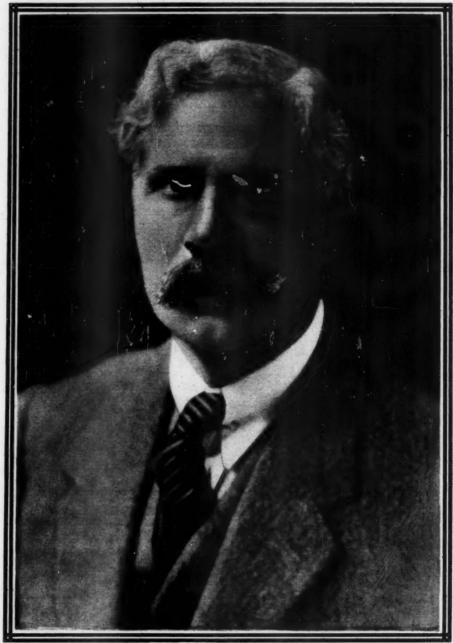
Congressman Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, succeeding Mondell, admits that "we [Republicans] have our work cut out for us to emerge from this session with credit to the party."



@ Wide World

#### A NEW YORK COMPTROLLER WHO MISSED BEING A MARTYR

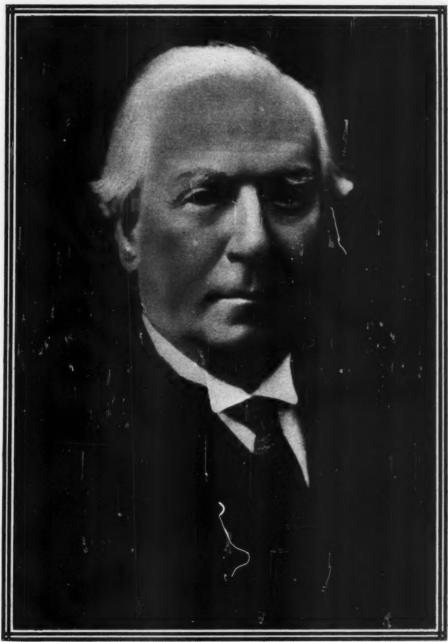
Charles L. Craig, sentenced to jail for "criminal contempt of court" in criticizing a Federal Judge, has his sentence remitted by President Coolidge, but he is denied a pardon.



© Courtesy Illustrated London News

A BRITISH LABOR LEADER AND RECOGNIZED POWER IN PARLIAMENT

J. Ramsay Macdonald's leadership has, however, suffered the consequences of his having dined recently with the King and Queen of England at Buckingham Palace.



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HIS AMBITION IS TO RESUME THE BRITISH PREMIERSHIP
Herbert Asquith, as successor to Stanley Baldwin, would, it is rumored, willingly resign
a temporary tenancy of the office in favor of his old rival, David Lloyd George.



@ Underwood

HIS HAT ALSO IS IN THE RING

Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, is building a sort of platform out of planks neglected or overlooked by the Coolidge Administration, which he is "agin."



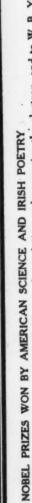
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HIS IDEA OF A HOME IS THE WHITE HOUSE

William Gibbs McAdoo, war-time Secretary of the Treasury and son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson, seeks the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.







Coveted honor goes to Dr. R. A. Millikan (left), of Pasadena, California, for isolating and measuring the electron, and to W. B. Yeats (right), poet, dramatist, litterateur and Irish Free State Senator.

Wide World-Underwood

### THE CURRENT OF OPINION

# Coolidge Sounds the G. O. P. Key-Notes

N his first message to Congress, President Coolidge has, beyond peradventure, written the Republican platform for 1924. Implicit in its clean-cut and concrete recommendations, there is a most astute bid for the Presidential nomination. By declaring himself in favor of the World Court, by demanding tax reductions, and by opposing the bonus, the President took his stand on the chief issues. In each case he appears to have carried the country with him.

The press has expressed itself almost unanimously in his support. Individual newspapers reserve the right to object to this or that portion of his message, but have no hesitancy in praising his program as a whole. The New York *Herald* likes everything except the proposal that we participate in the World

The Chi-Court. cago Tribune wants adjusted compensation for able - bodied veterans: "President Coolidge does not agree with that idea. Though we disagree with him, we must respect him for expressing his opinion without equivocation. His stand is courageous. whether mistaken or not." According to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the "message reveals the man" of

"sound, practicable common sense. . . . Most of the questions he considers are highly controversial." Hence this paper admires the "Coolidge courage." From the Times-Picayune of New Orleans comes a similar tribute to the effect that "Mr. Coolidge refused to straddle and equivocate," and "most Americans, irrespective of their political affiliations, will rejoice in this evidence of his backbone, mental sturdiness and moral stamina." The San Francisco Chronicle calls the message in form "a model for all who have occasion to prepare state documents." In matter "it will commend itself to the approval of every American citizen whose opinion has value. No better Presidential message has ever been Though the President written." did not go far enough in foreign policy for the New York Evening Post, which advocates the League of Nations, nevertheless, "clarity, conciseness and courage are the distinguishing marks of President

Coolidge's first address to Congress."

General approval of the message was expressed even by Congress. In fact. of adverse comment there has been very little, and that little not exactly convincing. For example, Josephus Daniels finds the message too vague, and Chairman Cordell Hull of the Democratic National Committee stigmatizes it as "stand - patism,"



THE RIGHT OF WAY

—Sykes in Life.



POINTING THE WAY

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

playing into the hands of "the interests."

On the other hand, prominent men, leaders in finance, industry, commerce and banking, who listened in by radio on the message, were quoted almost uniformly in enthusiastic endorsement. Judge Elbert



TRACKING UP THE HOUSE FASTER THAN
HE CAN CLEAN IT
—Ding in Atlanta Constitution.

H. Gary, for example, who cannot have been altogether pleased with the proposals for further immigration restriction, nevertheless characterized it as "a masterpiece," which "does not favor one party or another. It is not antagonistic to any political party. It does not favor capital or labor, as they are commonly classed, nor is it antagonistic to either. It does not favor the rich man nor the poor man. . . . To me. President Coolidge has been a great surprise. I have seen him but once, and then only for a few minutes at a public meeting. I know him only from what he has said in public. But if anyone wished to obtain a favor that was questionable through the influence of the President of the United States, Mr. Coolidge, I would say, would be the last person to approach!"

Former Democratic Senator O'Gorman says: "There is little in the President's message that a good Democrat could not approve." Neither Democrats nor Republicans are anxious to pay unnecessary taxes, nor keep up the cost of living. The proposals of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon are not regarded as Republican proposals, but judicious measures for the general good. The public at large, though differing with the President about the details of various measures, appears to be with him on the main points. Now that he has taken the people into his confidence, the opinion prevails that his long period of silence was well spent.

Meanwhile the Coolidge hat is in the ring for the Presidential nomination. Cleveland, Ohio, has been selected, with the sanction of the White House, as the convention city. Chicago, which for twenty years has had the Republican convention, is said to have been passed by because of too great an apparent fondness for Senator Johnson.

The campaign to nominate President Coolidge to succeed himself is

now well on the way, under the guidance of William M. Butler, of Massachusetts. As the New York Times remarks: "If the Republicans in Congress accept Mr. Coolidge's program, the acceptance of his personality will be as much of a mere formality as the selection of the convention city. If they don't accept his program, it will not matter where they hold their convention or whom they nominate, for both will be only preliminaries to defeat."

## Weighing the Bonus in the Balance

OR seven years the people have with uncomplaining courage the tremendous burden of national and local taxation. These must both be reduced. The taxes of the nation must be reduced now as much as prudence will permit, and expenditures must be reduced accordingly. High taxes reach everywhere and burden everybody. They bear most heavily upon the poor. They diminish industry and commerce. They make agriculture unprofitable. They increase the rates of transportation. They are a charge on every necessary of life. Of all services which the Congress can render I have no hesitation in declaring this to be paramount. To neglect it, to postpone it, to obstruct it by unsound proposals, is to become unworthy of public confidence and untrue to public trust. The country wants this measure to have the right of way over all others."

This paragraph of President Coolidge's message to the Congress has met with universal approval. The measure in question was detailed in a statement by the Secretary of the Treasury, which was even more comprehensive and no less plainspoken than the endorsement of it just quoted. Behind the Mellon



HE CAN'T HAVE BOTH

-Kirby in New York World.

"scheme" there has gathered a veritable avalanche of public opinion.

Three weeks before Congress was to open, the Secretary of the Treasury told the country what it could hope for in the way of reduced taxes, provided Congress could be prevailed upon not to enact Soldierbonus legislation. The terms upon which we can have this relief he



RELIEF ON THE WAY

-McCay in the New York American.



IT'S A NICE TRICK IF HE CAN DO IT

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

made perfectly clear. No tax reduction is possible, "if the Government is to be committed to new and extraordinary expenditures."

Barring the passage of a bonus measure, existing revenue laws are calculated by Secretary Mellon to be high enough to yield a surplus of \$300,000,000. It being a political impossibility for Congress to permit a surplus to remain in the Treasury vaults, it becomes the part of good stewardship for the Secretary to devise means of preventing the collection of this surplus.

He proposed, in his now famous statement, that normal rates on income taxes should be reduced from 4 and 8 per cent. to 3 and 6 per cent., allowing a 25 per cent. reduction on earned incomes. Further, he proposed that surtaxes should begin not at \$6,000, but at \$10,000, and should climb up to a maximum of 25 per cent. instead of to the present 42 per cent. Incidentally, he urged the adjustment of numerous minor inequities of the present system, and the immediate repeal of "nuisance" taxes on amusements, and so forth.

Nearly 6,000,000 persons pay taxes on incomes of \$2,000 to \$6,-000. They have the liveliest interest in the Secretary's proposals. More than half a million persons have incomes ranging from \$6,000 to \$10,000. The Secretary would lift the surtax from them, besides reducing their normal tax. Could a program well be found which would extend its benefits to a wider circle? If "the greatest good of the greatest number" is the end and aim of democracy, the Secretary's purpose will be seen as serving democracy's chief function.

The suggestion that surtaxes be cut down from a maximum of 42 per cent. to a maximum of 25 per cent. has served as the text for much castigation of the Mellon proposals. But the plain fact of the matter is that the high surtaxes on large incomes de not "produce." They merely drive capital into unproductive, but tax-exempt, securities. Men of wealth take their money out of railroads and new business ventures when 50 per cent. of their gains goes to the Government. Progressively, year by year, as municipal and State extravagance has augmented the tax-exempt issues, the returns to the Federal Treasury from large incomes have dwindled. Therefore, the Secretary, and the President after him, has urged a



CAN'T STOP HIM

-McCay in New York American.

constitutional amendment to stop the issue of tax-exempt securities.

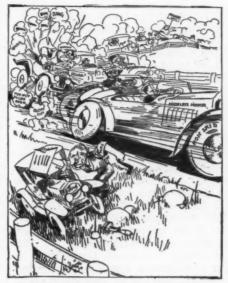
It is proposed then to remove millions in taxes which now burden the middle and lower middle classes. They mainly will benefit. Tax reduction for the wealthy also will redound to their advantage, and to the advantage of the entire community, since reduced prices on many commodities will follow the tax "Cutting down public expenditure," as the New York Times put it, "always makes large private expenditure possible. Lightening the taxes of manufacturers and business men means reducing the prices which the consumer has to pay."

Soldiers' bonuses have already been provided by nineteen States, and three more have submitted bonus measures to referendums. Probably authorization to pay them will

be forthcoming.

These twenty-two States, estimates the *Post*, paid three-quarters of the total internal revenue collected last year, or nearly two billion dollars out of the two and a half billions. Is it possible, this paper asks, that the citizens of these States, being the principal taxpayers, and having already paid bonuses to their soldiers, will be eager to pay in addition a Federal bonus?

The Government has not been niggardly with the soldiers. Over two billion dollars have been paid out for them since the war. It is argued that this should be sufficient. However, John R. Quinn, National Commander of the American Legion, insists that the bonus scheme will cost only \$80,000,000 a year-"only onefourth of the Secretary's proposed tax reductions of \$323,000,000 a vear." Therefore, he maintains, the nation could have 75 per cent. of the prospective tax cut and still have enough money to adjust the veterans' compensation. It goes without saying that such an estimate of the cost of adjusted com-



S'MATTER, HENRY, WON'T SHE START?
—Ding in New York Tribune.

pensation is not accepted by Secretary Mellon, who maintains that the first year's cost of the bonus would probably exceed a billion dollars.

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#### Making Nervous Wrecks of the Railroads

MONG all the giant industries of America, railroading is easily first and foremost. More of the people's money is invested in railroads than in any other form of enterprise. For about ten years that investment has brought in exceedingly meager returns to the thousands of stock- and bondholders. But this year promises to yield a billion dollars in railroad dividends—enough to make up for the famine of the past decade.

Since the roads were turned back to their owners by the Government, railway executives have spent nearly two billion dollars preparing for the return of normal business. Building on the basis of the Esch-Cummins transportation act of 1920, which undertook to assure them rates such as would produce a "fair" yield on their physical valuation, the executives restored the lines to a prime condition of efficiency and greatly augmented their rolling stock and other facilities.

Now that solid foundation of legislation is threatened. It is threatened by Congress just at the moment when executives and investors appear to have reached a position to secure some long-denied profits. Whether or not Robert M. La Follette, commonly felt to be the archfoe of the railroads, can or can not achieve the chairmanship of the Interstate Commerce Committee in the new Senate, the Esch-Cummins Act is likely to be seriously questioned, if not altered, and the whole basis of railroad prosperity undermined.

There has grown up a widespread popular belief that the Federal Government blundered into guaranteeing the railroads of the country a

TO THE TOTAL TOTAL

A BADLY SCARED ELEPHANT

-McCay in New York American.

six per cent. profit. Such is not the case, as President Coolidge pointed out in his message to Congress.

The Esch-Cummins Act does not guarantee railroad earnings. It merely requires, in the words of the President, "that rates should be just and reasonable. . . . To make a rate which does not yield a fair return results in confiscation, and confiscatory rates are of course unconstitutional. Unless the Government adheres to the rule of making a rate that will yield a fair return it must abandon rate making altogether."

For the six months immediately following the handing back of the roads to private ownership, the law did guarantee earnings equal to those under Federal control for a like period. Thereafter, however, there has been no guarantee.

In the exercise of its rate-making power the Interstate Commerce Commission is abjured by law to fix rates for freight and passengers, which, with honest and capable administration, will produce a fair profit for the owners. For the first two years the law set a limit of 5½ per cent. upon this profit. After that the Commission itself established 5¾ per cent. as the limit. Is this after all a guarantee?

"If the law could be made to work out exactly," remarks the Omaha World-Herald, "if the Commission had such wisdom and such foresight that it could establish the precise freight and passenger charges that would bring in a net profit of 5% per cent., or if provision were made for recouping the railroads out of the public treasury or otherwise for any deficit, then it would literally be true that their earnings were guaranteed by law. But the Interstate Commerce Commission is not all-wise. . . . Every year since the law was passed has witnessed a failure of the railroads, as a whole, to earn the profits permitted them by law. . . . They earned in 1921 3.33 per cent. on the value of their properties as fixed

by the Interstate Commerce Commission; in 1922 they earned a little over 4 per cent., and for the first seven months of 1923 they earned at the rate of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent."

However, any railroad which contrives to earn more than 6 per cent. must split the excess on a fifty-fifty basis with the government. This provision of the law, to which President Coolidge referred as the recapture and redistribution of excess rates, is having its constitutionality tested before the Supreme Court. "Their decision," said the President in his message, "should be awaited before attempting further legislation on this subject. Furthermore, the importance of this feature will not be great if consolidation goes into effect."

Consolidation, he supplemented, is the only road to adequate railroad facilities, now and in the future, and by that he meant both regional and route consolidation. In furtherance of this aim he urged that the Interstate Commerce Commission be empowered to "appoint committees for each proposed group, representing the public and the component roads, with power to negotiate with individual security holders for an exchange of their securities for those of the consolidation on such terms and conditions as the Commission may prescribe for avoiding any confiscation and preserving fair values. Should this permissive consolidation prove ineffective after a limited period, the authority of the Government will have to be directly invoked."

Weak roads want consolidation; strong roads do not. The latter might not benefit directly nor at once, but the average level of railroad service would be raised, and the public much better supplied with transportation facilities. It is evident that President Coolidge is determined that the "public shall be

served."



HEAR 1T?

Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

#### A Budget That Declares More Than a Dividend

"THE taxpayers are the stockholders in the business corporation of the United States. . . . If this business is showing a surplus of receipts, the taxpayers should share therein," said President Coolidge, in presenting the budget for the fiscal year 1925 to Congress.

There was a heartening surplus of \$309,657,460 for the fiscal year 1923. A slightly larger one is the cheering prospect for 1924. And now, according to the new budget, the 1925 fiscal year should make an even better showing than 1924. All that is necessary is for the Government to continue its economies, with the legislative and executive departments cooperating to keep down expenses and to avoid "new and extraordinary expenditures."

"President Coolidge," says the New York Herald, voicing a widespread editorial opinion, "uses the strategy of following up a victory with a second and even more determined attack. Before the country has finished talking about his first message to Congress advocating tax reduction and opposing a bonus, Mr. Coolidge sends in a budget message in which he strikes even harder on both themes. . . . Mr. Coolidge wishes to let a good part of this 1925 surplus remain in the pockets from which it has been coming. To this end he recommends the Mellon plan of taxing earned income more lightly, reducing the percentage of the normal tax, eliminating the surtax on incomes below \$10,000, and readjusting it above that figure, and repealing the admission, message and nuisance taxes."

The 1925 budget calls for three billion dollars of appropriations. Of the taxpayer's average dollar less than half a cent will go for the legislative establishments. Thirteen and a half cents is for independent offices of the Government, including eleven and a half cents for the Veterans' Bureau. The Department of Agriculture gets 2.3 cents-a most unusually high amount, due to the fact that the department must take its decennial agricultural census in that year. For the Navy Department 9.23 cents is appropriated; for the Department of the Interior nearly ten cents; and for the War Department a bit over eleven cents. The Treasury Department gets fifty cents, of which thirty is for interest on the public debt and sixteen for reduction of the principal of that debt. Finally, a bit over three cents goes to the Departments of Commerce, Justice, Labor and State. the District of Columbia and the support of the White House. These three cents are split up amongst many bureaus and subdivisions.

· Looked at in the light of the purposes to which these fractions of the taxpayer's average dollar are put: about three and a half cents will be spent for the general functions of the Government; thirtyseven cents for military functions (including twenty cents for pensions, retirement pay, World War allowances, etc.); and eleven and a half cents for civil functions (including three cents for public works); and the rest for non-functional purposes, such as interest

and principal of debt.

It is estimated that three-quarters of the Government's receipts for 1925 in the way of taxes will come from income and profits taxes and miscellaneous internal revenue That is to say, income and profits taxes are expected in 1925 to yield nearly two billion dollars. and various internal revenue taxes almost a billion more. Customs are counted on for about half a billion. and various other sources of revenue are expected to raise another half billion or less.

Of course, this entire structure of estimates is based upon present taxes. The estimates reveal the feasibility and propriety of tax reduction. A reduction of three hundred millions from a total of nearly four billions is all that has been asked by the President and his Secretary of the Treasury. This should be the more readily granted by Congress when it is remembered that an example of economy must be set by some one for the States and local authorities. As the President pointed out, 60 per cent, of all taxes collected throughout the nation are for States, cities and other local taxing bodies.

"In less than seven years," the President summarizes, "we have spent forty billion dollars, and we have paid off from current revenues eighteen billions, or nearly half of the amount. Certainly the nation which has thus patiently persisted in meeting the enormous burden of governmental costs is entitled, at the earliest possible moment, to the largest measure of relief from these burdens that can possibly be achieved . . . and the fiscal program crystallized in the budget herewith transmitted is based on that pur-

pose."

### Polishing Our Foreign Policy

In his message on Armistice Day, former President Woodrow Wilson said that, after the war, we withdrew into a sullen and selfish isolation which is deeply ignoble because manifestly cowardly and dishonorable," so committing "a great wrong to civilization at one of the most critical turning points in the history of the world." The severity of this language, which contrasted sadly with the weakness of the ex-President's "radio voice," recalls Burke's famous saying that "you cannot indict a nation."

To this attack Secretary Hughes replied at Philadelphia, the occasion being the centenary of the Monroe Doctrine. The appointment of former Senator Kellogg to be Ambassador in London had given the idea that a more active intervention in Europe was intended. And this "running the furrow through" was further suggested in a report to the State Department from Ambassador Herrick in Paris which somehow leaked into the press. Richard Washburn Child, however,



"CHANNEL TOO NARROW—BACK OUT"
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

who has retired from the Embassy at Rome, strongly condemns what he calls "the clamor to have us rush into other people's business," which, says he, "does not arise from Europe" but from our own small minority"-in a word, the Leaguers. Opposition to any kind of intervention in Europe is again urged by Hiram Johnson, who is a candidate for the Republican nomination. Also, President Coolidge, in his message to Congress, declared that the United States had finally decided to remain outside the League of Nations and that the incident was closed.

So far as the Republican Party is concerned, this seems decisive, and the only question is whether the Democrats will challenge the issue. The American Farm Bureau Federation is in Europe and is desirous evidently of having that still populous continent as a market for grain and other exports. The farmers are electorally important.

Against all and sundry, Secretary Hughes takes his stand, fairly and squarely, on Washington's Farewell Address and the Monroe Doctrine. which he quotes textually, and on Thomas Jefferson's advocacy of "peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none." This appeal to the law and the prophets is only modified, in the case of Europe, by a "desire" for "peace and recuperation" and by the view that "we contributed our arms in the interest of liberty and to destroy the menace of an autocratic power, but not to secure the economic prostration of a vanquished people"-namely, Germany.

From Europe, Secretary Hughes turns to Latin America. He explains that the Monroe Doctrine applies as much to Asiatic as to European interference, that within its influence all sovereign powers enjoy equality and independence, and that the United States opposes

aggression by one American power against another. He welcomes the friendly settlement of boundary disputes, as between Chile and Argentina or between Chile and Peru, and he hopes that the Central American States will federate. In the case of Cuba, he reaffirms the special responsibility of the United States and declares that we are vitally interested in the Panama Canal or any similar waterway between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Answering the naval experts who are still irate over the promise by the United States that she will not fortify the Philippines and Guam, Secretary Hughes quotes Senator Lodge's opinion that in any event Congress would never have voted any money for such a purpose.

In one sense, the speech was negative; but in another, it put the case for America's traditional policy fairly and squarely before the country. Are the Democrats ready

to challenge it?

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#### A Riot in Mexico

HE poor and the Mexican Revolutionist we have always with us. The latest of the outbreaks in that ebullient land involves no great national issue, no question of foreign policy, no real burning issue at all, if the correspondent of the New York Times can be believed.

Adolfo de la Huerta, former Finance Minister, now resigned, objects to President Obregon's choice of General Plutarco Elias Calles to succeed him as President. De la Huerta charges that Obregon and Calles are plotting to succeed one another alternately to the end of their days. They could thus comply with the letter of the Mexican Constitution which decrees that no President shall succeed himself, while setting at naught its spirit.

In addition, where will de la Huerta come in if these two are to hog the Presidency indefinitely? This, of course, is not the language in which he issues ringing challenges to his enemies and notifies the world of his indomitable will to victory. No, it is to expose and depose Obregon's tyrannical defiance of the Constitution that he has taken the field, patriotically waving a banner of adjectives.

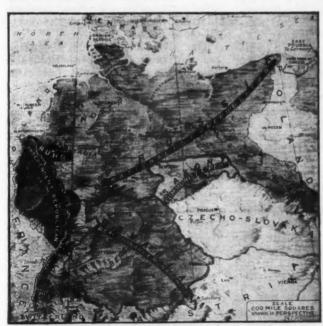
Obregon, Calles and de la Huerta are said to come, all three of them, from Sonora, northernmost state of the Mexican confederation. constituted the famous triumvirate which ousted Carranza, and which has run Mexico for three yearson the whole with success.

De la Huerta and Obregon, until their recent break, were friends of many years' standing. After the revolution of 1920, the former became provisional President, and when Obregon was triumphantly elected President, de la Huerta accepted the office of Secretary of the Treasury under him, and conducted many debt negotiations with New York bankers and officials of the State Department, looking toward Mexican recognition.

The immediate occasion for the break between the two leaders is thought to have been the refusal of the Federal Government to recognize as legal the election in the State of San Luis Potosi of Jorge Prieto Laurens, leader of the Cooperatista Party, the same party which supported Obregon in overthrowing the Carranzistas. De la Huerta's objections to this procedure led to his resignation from the Ministry of Finance, and Obregon showed his scorn for his former collaborator by appointing Alberto Pani, de la Huerta's bitter personal enemy, to the post. Then the Treasury Department issued a statement that the nation was bankrupt and charged de la Huerta with mismanagement.

Other charges followed until de la Huerta is said to have felt himself compelled in honor to accept the nomination of the Cooperatistas for the Presidency. He has the military support of Generals Estrada and Sanchez, who respectively have headed outbreaks in the States of Vera Cruz and Jalisca.

President Obregon says the revolt. which is described as a riot rather than a revolution, will not last long, that there need be no alarm felt for the stability of his government. But the United States cannot regard the affair so lightly. We have concluded agreements with Mexico after long and arduous negotiations which we were almost ready to publish. Must these now be sac-rificed, and all the work done over with a new Mexican régime? What assurance have we that a new régime would prove permanent?



FORCES WHICH MAY DISMEMBER GERMANY Germany, as this map designed for the London Graphic by George F. Morrell shows, is threatened not only by France, in the matter of the Ruhr, but also by herself. Prussia is true to the Reich, there is Ruhr, but also by herself. Prussia is true to the Reich, there is Monarchism in Bavaria, Communism in Saxony, and Separatism in Rhineland.

### Germany At the Precipice

HE hope that Chancellor Stresemann would be Germany's long-awaited savior was shattered when he was defeated in the Reichstag by 230 votes to 155 and promptly resigned. President Ebert had then the choice between seeking another Chancellor or risking an election which might have plunged the country into war between Monarchists and Communists, while also involving the country in serious territorial perplexities throughout the Rhineland. After seven days of uncertainty, therefore, and four attempts to find a Chancellor, the President finally persuaded Dr. Wilhelm Marx to assume a thankless office, with Gustay Stresemann as his Foreign Sec-

retary. Dr. Marx is Germany's seventeenth Chancellor. He is a citizen of Cologne, a lawyer and a clerical, and born in 1863, he has served in that reactionary legislature,

the Prussian Diet. The new government, like the last, represents neither the Nationalists on the Right nor the Socialists on the Left. It is thus one more attempt to run the Republic on a minority. cynical communication. Lenin ridicules Ebert as the ex-Kaiser's nominee and warming pan, and prophesies a restoration of the throne. Lenin holds that Germany ought never to have signed



"IT'S ONLY A SCARECROW, PAPA!"

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

the Treaty of Versailles, but that, having signed it, she should have made her rich magnates pay by preventing their "patriotic" export of capital.

On the restoration of the Hohenzollerns, President Coolidge's attitude is one of definite disapproval, but without intervention. He holds that every nation has the right to choose its own form of government.

Premier Poincaré states that a Hohenzollern emperor would be a menace to the peace of Europe. And he has been strongly criticised in the Chamber of Deputies for failing to act against the return of the Crown Prince, even with Britain holding aloof. With an election pending in the spring, Poincaré could not ignore the attacks of Tardieu, and he promised that, if necessary in the future, France would not hesitate to act alone. On this undertaking, the Chamber supported Poincaré by 506 votes to 70.

It is now admitted, even in London, that Germany is drilling and arming. For a year she has been free from the vigilant surveillance of the Allied Arms Commission, and Oswald Garrison Villard foresees war in six months. The statement that the Kaiser as well as the

Crown Prince has received his passports and would attempt a coup d'état is not confirmed. It is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful whether German monarchists want the late Emperor back.

The movement for a separate Rhineland continues to be, as some critics would say, forced on by French pressure. Within the movement there are dissensions, and Matthes has been ousted from control. The London Times gives lurid descriptions of the Black and Tan methods whereby the French are seeking to compel the people to accept an autonomous régime; and an agreement has been signed between Stinnes, Thyssen and other Ruhr magnates and France whereby large deliveries of coal are to be made on account of reparations. As usual, there is difficulty over this matter between France and England. While France claims the costs of the Ruhr occupation. England resists this claim and holds that the occupation is illegal.

The situation is thus distinctly uncomfortable. President Poincaré states that France will hold the Ruhr until all the terms of the Treaty of Versailles are fulfilled,

which means indefinitely.

There is evidence that Russia is watching events closely, and that any breach of the peace involving Germany would lead her to vigorous action. It is significant that both the Labor Party in Britain and Mussolini in Italy are in favor of recognizing the Soviets.

Meanwhile General Charles G. ("Hell-and-Maria") Dawes and Owen D. Young, banker-president of the General Electric Company, have been appointed American unofficial observers to work with the international committees of the Reparations Commission on rescuing Germany from her present fiscal plight, to aid in German mark stabilization and prevention of the export of capital over the frontiers.

## Britain Stanch for Free Trade

HE British elections are a crushing defeat of the Protectionists by the Free Traders. With the Liquor Traffic at their back and with their party united, the Conservatives could not retain a majority of the House of Commons against an opposition engaged in internecine war. Within one year, what Lloyd George contemptuously called the Government Promoted from the Kitchen-the Cabinet of Under-Secretaries-has been self-shattered. To be frank, neither Stanley Baldwin nor Bonar Law, as tested by their achievements, were of what we should call "Presidential timber." Under bigger men like Balfour and Lloyd George, they could be trusted to serve with efficiency. But in the profounder sagacity of elder statesmanship, they were lacking. They needed

Nobody in Britain seriously believed that tariffs on manufactured articles, imposed a year hence, would help unemployment this win-Nobody wanted an election. ter. And when Lord Rothermere and his press swung to the support of the Liberals, Baldwin's fate was sealed. He dared not tax food and so lost the farmers. And the women were alarmed by the widespread publication of a circular from a large wholesale house, warning its customers to buy their supplies now, as under a tariff prices would have to be raised. The damaging effect of that document was all the greater because the Tories appealed to the courts for an injunction to prevent its distribution. As everybody had read it, this was like locking the stable door when the horse has been

stolen.

Many prominent Conservatives are defeated. On the Liberal side, the chief casualty is Winston



"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?"

-Kirby in New York World.

Churchill, who suffered defeat at the hands of a Labor candidate of considerable private means, F. W. Pethick Lawrence, a distinguished economist and mathematician of Cambridge University, who advocated the capital levy. Churchill is, of course, an outspoken critic of Labor, and his fate may indicate that Britain wants the two Progressive wings to work together.

For, if the new Parliament is to continue at all, there must be a Co-Either the Conservatives must be fused with the Liberals against Labor or the Liberals must be fused with the Labor Party against the Conservatives. The real issue is thus whether Liberalism, in the center, is to swing to the right or to the left. The Conservatives have had a severe lesson and undoubtedly the extreme counsels of their Die-Hards have been discredited. But it would be a bitter pill for that party to accept once more the virtual leadership of David Lloyd George. On the other hand, Labor has its extremists also, to whom Lloyd George is Herod, and Asquith, a Pilate. Liberalism has thus to choose between the Scylla of a now academic protection and the

Charybdis of an actual capital levy, that bugbear of the propertied.

The rivalry between Liberalism and Torvism is traditional and ingrained, and there is little doubt that many Liberals would far rather work with a moderate Socialist like Macdonald than with the Conservatives. If Macdonald were Prime Minister, and Asquith, Lord Chancellor, and Lloyd George, Foreign Secretary, the Labor Party might lose some Communists and the Liberal Party might lose some millionaires. But a government with a majority in the House of Commons and the country would have been formed at last.

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# Alfonso and Fireworks in Italy

THE visit of King Alfonso to Italy has many angles and its meaning should be clearly understood, because at vital points it touches the susceptibilities of the United States. Amid the pomp and ceremonial which kept the kings and queens so busy, there were quiet talks between the two dictators, Mussolini and Primo di Rivera, who have formed an unofficial alliance, political, commercial, naval and military.



-Thomas in Detroit News.

The object of this Entente is to counteract "Anglo-Saxon" influence, especially in the Mediterranean, which suggests that Mussolini has not forgiven Britain for excluding him from Corfu, while Primo di Rivera doubtless still entertains his publicly expressed objections to the British occupation of Gibraltar. While Italy has supported Britain against France over the Ruhr and other matters, and while the Queen of Spain is a British princess by birth, the fact must be faced that Latin control of the Mediterranean is the slogan of the new alliance. At present, France is outside the bargain; indeed, Mussolini has astonished his Fascisti by declaring for a full recognition, political as well as commercial, of Soviet Russia.

While former Premier Nitti. whose writings are pacifist and pessimist, has had his house sacked, Mussolini welcomed King Alfonso with an amazing military display, which included a modern battle, with poison gas, trench wireless, flame throwers, bombing planes and mines. For the first time the new Italian army, so we read, was revealed in its final form. Spain, on her side, promises to produce war material "as soon as possible." She will organize a powerful aviation force and her aircraft are to be built in Italy. If there is to be "a next war" the Latin nations are thus determined to be in the fashion.

While Italy is spending her money on fireworks, Signor Schanzer, once her delegate at the Washington Conference, declares that his country would not lose her self-respect if she were released by the United States from her debt. "We contributed in blood," says Schanzer, "America contributed in money." Not less serious is the Italian view that the Latin alliance in Europe should include Latin America.

It is suggested that early next year King Alphonso should make his oft-postponed trip across the Atlantic and that the Latin countries, both in the new world and the old. should withdraw from the League of Nations. In such projects, the challenge to the United States is obvious. And the reply has been equally clear. President Coolidge, in his message to Congress, has stated firmly that European debts are not to be cancelled. And, as we explain elsewhere, Secretary Hughes has reaffirmed the Monroe Doctrine in precise terms.

Whether the festivities in Rome have worked out as the Pope wished is doubtful. In 1870, when Italy obtained Rome as her capital, Catholic sovereigns were warned against visiting the city and so recognizing the "usurping" king's right to be there. This warning, while it remained in force, was only ignored by President Loubet and the Prince of Monaco, both of whom visited the House of Savoy. But three years ago, Pope Benedict XV. issued a Bull which rescinded the rule, and last year, King Albert of Belgium was received both at the Vatican and at the Quirinal. As Protestant Sovereigns, King George and Queen Mary were unaffected by the Pope's edict, but in proceeding to their now historic audience with the Pope it was noted that, en route, they called at the British Embassy and thus technically approached the Supreme Pontiff direct from "British territory." In the case of Theodore Roosevelt and Charles W. Fairbanks, when they visited Rome, audiences with the Pope were cancelled because they first visited the Methodist Episcopal College, the establishment of which has been so bitterly resented by the Holy See. It was from this College that the Rev. Dr. Bertram M. Tipple retired last month.

King Alphonso is the first of these celebrities to be received by the



ERUPTIONS, CRACKS AND FISSURES
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

Pope, not in private but with all the public pomp and circumstance of the Middle Ages. Unfortunately, his address to the Pope had not been submitted and approved in advance and, when delivered, it caused an incident. There were two somewhat delicate topics to be discussed: first, the four Spanish vacancies in the College of Cardinals; and secondly, the great increase of religious orders in Spain, since they were expelled from France. Spanish clergy are maintained by the state and have become a heavy burden—on the taxpayer.

The Pope is as masterful as he is progressive; and he has indicated to the King of Spain that in the appointment of Cardinals he cannot allow his "inspiration" to be anticipated by royal desires. At the forthcoming Consistory, therefore, none save Italian prelates will receive the Red Hat. This means that Spain's ecclesiastics must wait and it also means that certain American dignitaries of the Church have been surprised and disappointed at not receiving an invitation to the Consistory which they had a reason to expect. The preponderance of Italian Cardinals is becoming a serious grievance.

### Listening In

W ITH the advance of middle age I find I am contracting regular habits, and one of them is predicting every November the collapse of Europe.—H. G. Wells, British novelist and historian.

A WOMAN'S party contradicts the fundamental idea upon which the victory for women suffrage was won, namely, that sex should make no difference in civil life and political privilege. Emergence of women in political and industrial life has given rise to a sudden increase in competition for work and a new adjustment of social relations. Women are naturally better than men, and artificially worse.

Human progress will not be materially hastened by women having the vote. — Dr. Henry Van Dyke, author and diplomat.

THE human aspect of Germany's downfall is rapidly coming to dwarf every other aspect. So deep is her ruin that this winter vast numbers of the most docile, most hardworking, most intelligent people in Europe must surely die—unless the charity of other

nations keep them alive. We cannot wash our hands of this situation. If we do so our sin before history may well become as great as Germany's.—Jan Smuts, Premier of South Africa.

If the present condition of Europe is the result of a war for righteousness and to make the world safe for democracy, next time let us try a war for wickedness and autocracy.—Israel Zangwill, visiting British playwright and Zionist.

M IDDLE AGE has its compensations. One is that, on the whole, you feel no need to do what you do not like. You are no longer ashamed of yourself. You are reconciled to being what you are, and you

do not much mind what people think of you. They can take you or leave you. You do not want to impose upon them with false pretenses. Youth is bound hand and foot with the shackles of public opinion.—Somerset Maugham, celebrated novelist and playwright.

DEMAGOGUES have fattened by stimulating hatred, and great men have gone to defeat because of it. No man in any country should be elected to office who honestly or dishonestly continues to confuse revenge with justice. It is time to balance the rights and cancel the wrongs.

—Bernard M. Baruch, economic adviser to the American Commission to Negutiate

SOME men are by nature beavers, and some are rats. Yet all belong to the human race. The people who came to this country in the early days were of the beaver type. They built up America because it was in their nature to build. Then the rat-people began coming here to house under the roof that others had built. And they try to undermine and destroy it because it is in their nature to destroy. A civilization rises when the beaver-

A civilization rises when the beavermen outnumber the rat-men. When the rat-men get the upper hand, the civilization falls. Then the rats turn and eat one another, and that is the end. Beware of breeding rats in America!—Secretary of Labor James J. Davis. NINE-TENTHS of our people are wasting their lives in a hopeless attempt to acquire more property than they need, and the remaining tenth waste theirs in looking after and increasing the superfluous property they already possess. — George Bernard Shaw.

BERNARD SHAW writes the dramatic criticisims for most of the New York

newspapers whenever a Shakespearian production comes along. Though his articles are signed with different names, no one is fooled. The afternoon before such a production all the boys dig out their copies of Dramatic Opinions and Essays, bone up on what he said about it, and the next morning faithfully repeat his views. This has been going on now for about fifteen years. Every time a reviewer dies or loses his job and another reviewer gets his place, Arthur Brentano [the Fifth Avenue bookseller] automatically instructs the clerk in his dramatic department to wrap up the two Shaw volumes to save time when the new reviewer appears on the run an hour later .- George Jean Nathan, dramatic critic and farceur.

I BELIEVE in food. I shall always fight, knife and fork, against those transcendentalists (mostly women who have to wash up) who would degrade the blessed function of eating to a solitary swallowing of tablets in the privacy of one's dressing-room. My heart leaps up when I behold any article of food in its perfection, from a newly-baked loaf on a cottage table to a soufflé going by to a king's table at the Ritz.—Edith Shackleton, English authoress.

THE esthetic reasons, the spiritual and social reasons, for the existence of the

American college are very simple. It furnishes young men an opportunity to meet other young men to whom, later, they will be able to sell real estate, bonds, life insurance policies, automobiles and advertising space. This is its real cultural significance in the The community. minorities, instructors and undergraduates, who give something else to it and get something else from it, are negligible numerically and in their effect upon the spirit of the nation. - Don Marquis, colyumist.

I T is my firm belief that men and women, after fifteen or twenty years of married existence, would, if given the chance to choose again, select precisely the same wife or the same husband. Even those couples who lead rather a squabbling sort of existence would not wish to change. They probably know, in their heart of hearts, that with another spouse they would squabble a great deal more. Moreover, squabbling is a way some people have of enjoying themselves. One thing that I have realized is that couples who appear to disagree most violently are often the most devotedly attached.—Mrs.

Thomas Hardy, wife of the celebrated novelist.

YOU can never dragoon men by law into morality. We have too many laws. There is a tendency in the United States to pile on a law to most every new condition that arises in public life. If a man happens to cut his throat with a razor, a law banning razors at once goes into effect.

Knives and forks will probably be forbidden as lethal weapons within a

few years.

A deep respect for law is essential, especially in a democracy like our own, but men who work constitutionally for the repeal of a law in which they do not believe are fulfilling their sacred civic duty just as certainly as the men who established the law.

If we go on as we are we shall create a bureaucracy at Washington and a jobholder's regime in which one man in every three in the United States will be a political officeholder, and then we may as well move to Russia.—Archbishop Curley of Baltimore.

THE only trouble with the League of Nations is that it represents a conception of international democracy that the world has not yet grown up to. Almost every nation now accepts the principle of democracy within its own borders. government of a modern state can exist against the will of the people. But we are not yet educated to the idea of democracy among nations. Democracy, you see, implies a thing that has never been rec-

ognized between nations; implies that a nation of ten millions is equal to a nation of 100 millions; implies that Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, equals the United States.

Now, I am not arguing that 10 does or ever can equal 100. In some things it never can, and it is not reasonable that it should. But there are things in which 10 does and must equal 100, just as surely as there are certain fundamental, equal rights in a democracy. That is the international principle the League of Nations now imperfectly represents. It is an idea as contagious and invincible as Democracy itself. Once born it can never die.—

Edouard Benés, Czecho-Slovak Premier.

I N my opinion a good monarchy is better worth having than a middling republic and a good republic is preferable to a bad monarchy. Me de la Palisse (the proverbial Frenchman who always talks in commonplaces) would have said the same thing before me. The question is one of fact and timeliness, and that is something which it does not belong to me to examine now.

For more than thirty years I have been the grateful guest of France and ordinary tact would forbid me to reason on what form of government is best suited to France—or to meddle with what does not concern me.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

## A HOHENZOLLERN WHOSE SWORD SLEEPS IN ITS SCABBARD

IVE years ago, Frederick William, the Hohenzollern, was driven into the bitter exile of the bleak and barren island of Wieringen in Holland. There, summer and winter, rain and shine, he has lived almost alone in a villa, small and comfortless, where, rid of his flatterers, and delivered from the etiquette of a court, he has faced, with the calculating courage of his cynical clan, the unadorned facts of Whatever royal nonsense may once have filled his head, he is now disillusioned. Expelled from his palaces and his command in the army, he might have thrown up the game of life and taken to wine or amused himself with light society, but he has adopted the discipline of an ascetic, and on his worn and haggard features the agony of self-control has left its mark. The seclusion of Martin Luther in the Wartburg or of St. Paul in Arabia was not more significant than the seclusion of this prince without a throne, who has been, as the Greek philosophers put it, "finding himself." During the war, the doughboy, the poilu and the Tommy dismissed the Crown Prince as an insolent young pup. He is now no pup, but a man forty years old. He has drained to the dregs the bitter cup of defeat. And he has come back to the stage of history both as a possibility and as a peril.

"Let me have men about me that are fat," said Julius Cæsar, in the play; and of the ex-Crown Prince, as of Cassius, it may be said that he has "a lean and hungry look"; indeed, "he thinks too much," and "such men are dangerous." About revenge, this prince says nothing. On the contrary, with his father excluded from what seemed to be the safest throne on this planet, his heir is determined to find out the reason why. Bred an autocrat, he is studying He devotes himself to democracy. books, especially novels, written by American and British authors. Like

the Crown Prince Regent of Japan and with more success, he cultivates those easy and familiar manners of a country gentleman which are so popular in the Prince of Wales He has become simple, pleasant, modest, the nonsense all knocked out of him. This at least is the impression that he is careful to convey.

Usually monarchs out of business still pose as monarchs by divine right of birth. That was where the English Stuarts and the French Bourbons and the Austrian Hapsburgs made their mistake. They learned nothing and they forgot nothing. When Charles Hapsburg tried to return from exile. he made a beeline for his capital. Budapest, and summoned troops, and behaved throughout as Emperor and King. The result was that the Little Entente was alarmed. Czecho-Slovakia mobilized her army, and Hungary was made to realize that the price of a restoration would be war. It was the situation that confronted Napoleon when he returned from Elba. His mere presence in Paris rallied Europe against This is the danger which the Crown Prince, as his friends still call him, has had to avoid. Hence his scrupulous care to disclaim his hereditary pretensions to the throne. By seeking and obtaining a passport, issued in the name of the German Republic, he accepts the sovereign authority of the Republic which government he thus recognizes. In his trip across the country, he avoided all ostentation. He was careful not to enter Berlin. He received neither salutes from the army nor deputations from civilians. He has been simply a German citizen returning to the Fatherland-a German husband returning to his wife and six children-a German junker returning to his estates.

The escape could not have been more adroitly managed. In the Treaty of Versailles it was not the Crown Prince,

but his father, the ex-Kaiser, who was accused of a supreme offense against mankind. The indictment did not mention Frederick William's name. land has claimed, therefore, that she has the right both to receive him as guest and to allow him, when he wishes, And before taking the to depart. plunge, the ex-Crown Prince appears carefully to have estimated what, if any, reprisals he might have to expect from the Allies. He knew that the United States would take no action. And he judged rightly that France and Britain would be divided. While France proposed that she and Britain should respectively occupy Frankfort and Hamburg. Britain insisted that protests be limited to a note which, as drafted by France, she was careful to edit. The return of the exile was, in fact, timed just when a general election in Britain had become inevitable. Stanley Baldwin dare not proceed further against Germany, and Poincaré feared that if France took independent measures, Britain would withdraw from the Reparations Commission and all other diplomatic comradeship, while Lloyd George might again become a leading Minister. With Italy supporting Britain, France had to hold her hand.

While the ex-Kaiser ranks first as a war-criminal, his son is obviously the more dangerous of the two men to-day. He still has life ahead of him. While he was, ten years ago, a hot militarist who undoubtedly fomented trouble in Europe, it cannot be alleged against him that he ran away from the battlefield or that he sought the consolation of a second marriage. He indulges in no sermons. He makes no pretense to medieval mysticism. He attempts no Byzantine rhetoric. He rattles no sabre. On the contrary, he offers you a cigaret, rides a bicycle through the mud, and is as modern, as realist as Bismarck, as Moltke or as Macchiavelli. It is amazingly clever. It means that this consummate actor should be closely watched.

For while Germany is to-day a Republic, she has not ceased to be royal-

ist. The imperial family still holds property. Statues and portraits of Emperors still adorn streets, halls and homes. The late Empress, when she died, was buried with all pomp in the dynastic mausoleum of Potsdam. Prince Eitel Fritz, fat and forty, is still an accepted personage. And Prince Adalbert would have been also, had he not committed suicide. In Germany, there was doubtless revolution, but it was a revolution without a guillotine. It left the country with a landed aristocracy undisturbed and with numerous royal families, ready and anxious to resume their thrones. What Ludendorff attempted was the restoration of the Empire by way of Bavaria. And it failed. The ex-Crown Prince is quietly hoping for an invitation, direct to Rerlin

For he has a wife. Whether he has always made her a happy wife is open to question, but to-day the former Crown Princess Cecilie, bred in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is, bar none, the most popular individual of either sex in the Fatherland. She is exactly what every German hausfrau wishes to be. To begin with, she is domestic. She has borne and reared six children. And she has never whimpered or wailed over her distresses. It may be that, in a beauty competition, her features would not have won a prize, but her abundant hair, her brilliant complexion, her radiant smile and the gracious sweep of her figure rendered her, before the war, a princess second to none in charm. At the Coronation of King George V. she and her husband received an ovation that exceeded in warmth any accorded to other distinguished guests, and to-day this lady is to be reckoned among her husband's chief political assets. Apparently, she takes no part in public affairs. But that is where she is wise. It is as herself that she is most admired.

And so at Oels in Silesia, the hope of the house of Hohenzollern calmly awaits his day. In thus settling himself conveniently near Berlin, he has doubtless got ahead of his all-highest

parent who is by no means reconciled to abdication, even in favor of his son. And the very name Silesia suggests memories. No one can rightly estimate the concealed ambitions of the young Hohenzollern or his profound capacity for dissimulation who ignores the character of his ancestor, called by the historian Frederick the Great. the massive biography of that monarch by his admirer, Thomas Carlyle, and you see what it is that Holland has let loose on Europe. In face and figure, the ex-Crown Prince closely resembles his forefather. His fondness for English literature and manners is like Frederick's affectation of French culture and his friendship for Voltaire. No prince looked so harmless as Frederick until he was entrusted with power. And no prince was then more formidable. Without warning or justification, his armies leapt upon Silesia,

the duchies which belonged to Austria, and the partition of Poland was largely his handiwork. For seven years, Frederick fought to retain his spoils. He was often confronting half Europe, single-handed. The population of Prussia fell during the struggle by 500,000 souls. And the King melted the silver of his own table for coinage. But he kept Silesia. No one tore that butter from that dog's mouth. And through all the misery of it, Prussia stood by the King.

If anyone supposes that the ex-Crown Prince is reconciled to a Germany dismembered of the Rhineland and her eastern frontier, he is living in a fool's paradise. The ex-Crown Prince was educated on Carlyle's Frederick the Great. He looks, as Frederick looked, to Russia and Britain for help. He has his eye on a restored Germany, with himself on the throne.

### THIS CHILDLESS MULTI-MILLIONAIRE MAKES U.S.A. ORPHAN BOYS HIS HEIRS

HE name of a man who makes his home and money in Pennsylvania crept quietly but quickly into the newspaper headlines the other day when it became known that Milton S. Hershey had turned over some \$60,000,000, practically the whole of a fortune acquired by a lifetime of labor. to found and perpetuate a school for orphan boys at Hershey, Pa. Strictly speaking, it was not a gift of sixty millions to what is called the Hershey Industrial School, but it was the income of all the common stock of the Hershey Chocolate Company. stock, explains a New York Herald biographer, has a par value of \$15,-000,000. The plant and other property, including subsidiary corporations that it represents, could be replaced for something under \$30,000,000. But the chocolate company is a very profitable concern. Its net last year was more than \$4,000,000, possibly \$5,000,000. So on a basis of earnings the \$15,000,- 000 of common stock is worth about \$60,000,000.

The control of the chocolate company, though, it is stated, will not pass out of Hershey control; not at all. The stock doesn't pass to the school, but to the Hershey Trust Company, as And the president of the trustee. Hershey Trust Company is Milton S. Hershey, and the treasurer of the chocolate company and other officers, including the general counsel, who really figures very largely in all these dealings, are directors of the trust company and therefore trustees of the school.

About the person and personality of this new and unique philanthropist, we read, in the New York Times, that at 66 he is short, stout, ruddy-faced, grayhaired, with an easy smile. He has the look of what is called a practical man, who is very much at ease, but alertly watchful. He is not distrustful, simply careful, after the manner of millionaires. He is pleased that he is a millionaire, and he wants to do much the same as other millionaires do. He is not without ego, as the town of Hershey, with its frequent reminders of its founder's cognomen indicates. It is emphasized biographically that he is a man who has suffered from what the psychologists call an inferiority complex, a handicap which he has overcome but not forgotten. He is likeable. No theories about him, not even in the planning of his school and the gift of his business, but lots of hard thinking, according to his own rules. He talks slowly, and not very much at any time.

An efficiency expert would probably rate him as a poor case, with no chance of success, if called upon to pass on his methods. According to all the rules, he is old-fashioned. He will not have a telephone in his home or office. and never uses one if he can avoid doing so. He seldom writes a letter, but sends many telegrams. He practically never signs his name to any form of document. This suggests a strong element of caution, if not suspicion, in his make-up, but incidental to believing absolutely in Hershey chocolates (which he does not believe in advertising) he also is firm in the belief that every man is honest until found otherwise, and maybe then. He does not believe in watching men or checking them up with a footrule. Over his desk hangs this motto: "Business is a matter of human service."

The story of his zigzag progress from a printer's devil in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to a chocolate Napoleon is interesting and is marked by failures antedating successes. As a printer's devil he remembers one day "dropping a galley of hand-set type-pied it, you know -and I can still hear what the foreman said in firing me." He then became an apprentice confectioner and is next heard of as making caramels in a small way, first in Philadelphia and afterward in New York. But "things did not progress as they might have done and I gave it up in New York, coming back to Pennsylvania, where I started

again [in Lancaster] in 1886. Caramels were my specialty. I thought that I could make better caramels than anybody else ever made. The business went well from the start. Before long I was selling caramels faster than I could make them."

That was the day when the tissue-wrapped caramel was a familiar confection. There were several large manufacturers. They proposed to Hershey that he join them in a "trust." He declined, but offered to sell his business. This was promptly accepted and \$1,000,000 was paid him in cash. He had arrived.

The sale of the business gave him an opportunity to explore new trade channels. He had been manufacturing chocolate to flavor his caramels. Now he turned attention to the production of chocolate as a confection. What is called sweet chocolate had been sold in this country for some time. Hershey developed milk and almond chocolate and put it up in bars, an innovation. The rest is industrial history.

It was bar chocolate that built Hershey, Pa., the genius of the place having decided that Lancaster was not an acceptable site for the kind of plant he wanted. So he returned to the home of his fathers, now in the town of Hershey, and decided that he would build a city where his boyhood had been spent.

In 1903 Hershey was a range of hills, largely given over to farming. To-day it has three or four car lines radiating to all the centers roundabout, the big Hershey plant, a trust company, a department store run for the benefit of the community, schools, homes, everything that goes into a model community. Hershey is not an incorporated town, but has a township government. Practically all of it belongs to Milton Hershey, including his seventy-five farms, scattered in the section near by.

There never has been a labor union in Hershey and never a strike. Every three months each employee of the chocolate company receives an extra dividend on his labor. The payment for the last period amounted to twenty-three per cent. of salary already received, and has risen to twenty-six per cent. It is intended to represent one-fourth of the Hershey earnings. From the remaining three-fourths such sums will be deducted as the expansion of the business requires, and the rest added to the Hershey fund. All of the capital stock in the Hershey companies has been made over to this fund, so that the business will continue indefinitely for the benefit of the boys.

Asked how he reached his decision regarding the disposition of his for-

tune, the philanthropist is quoted as stating simply: "I am 66 years old and do not need much money. My business has been far more successful than I ever expected it to be. If I should drop out, what would become of the business, the capital and the earnings? As matters have been arranged, the business will go right on, a considerable part of the profits to be used for the Hershey Industrial School. The capital, of course, remains intact. Well, I have no heirs—that is, no children. So I decided to make the orphan boys of the United States my heirs."

### A LABOR LEADER WHO DINES WITH ROYALTY

S a Scot, James Ramsay Macdonald has always known that, for a man of his race, there is plenty of room at the top. Like Thomas Carlyle, he was born a son of the soil, but where other laddies sought the sacred ministry, he has become an ecclesiastic of Socialism. What John Knox is to the Presbyterian, that was Karl Marx to Macdonald, and having found the true gospel, as he regarded it, he must needs preach it with the fervent audacity of a Covenanter. For this evangelism, nature furnished him with a tall and challenging presence, an abundant mass of hair, once black but now gray, a square jaw, a broad and open forehead and, above all, a magnificent voice, deep, clear and resonant. And his whole personality is illuminated by eyes, deep and brown, like the pool of a Scottish stream in shadow.

Thirty years ago, Gladstone's retirement had dismayed the Liberal Party. This Party had lost the Unionists who disliked Home Rule. And within itself it was acutely divided between the Imperialists led by Rosebery and the Little Englanders led by Harcourt. There seemed to be no party in Britain able and willing to effect Social Reform. Then it was that Macdonald, with other dour Scots like Keir Hardie, Robert

Smillie and Mary Anderson, set to work to organize a new political Church. A number of wage-earners had entered Parliament-John Burns, for instance-but only as Liberals or "Lib-Labs" as they were called. Macdonald insisted that the true and orthodox Labor member must forswear both the Liberal and the Conservative affiliation and must form a distinct group like the Irish Nationalists who, before their party disappeared, obeyed their own whips, steadily declined all honors and titles and refused to enter any British Government. Hailing from Ireland, it was, of course, easy for the Nationalists, dependent as they often were upon funds subscribed in the United States, to remain thus politically separate, but it was a far more difficult matter to enforce the rule on British Labor. Few of the trade-unionists were Socialist by conviction, and fewer still were revolutionary Socialists. To most of these workers, there still applied the label stated by Gilbert when he wrote that

Every little boy or girl
That's born into this world alive,
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative.

It was not admitted and it was not true, in fact, that no distinction could

be drawn between Liberals standing for free trade, for Irish Home Rule, for a democratic franchise, for the Commons against the Lords, and for a restricted liquor traffic, and Conservatives, whose political treasure was laid up in the vested interests. And it was many years before Macdonald and his zealots, "boring from within," were able to squeeze out the older Labor men who declined to submit to the pledge of abstention from a Liberal platform.

The Labor Party needed money and there was only one source from which money could be derived. The warchest must be filled from trade-union funds. And this led to much controversy and some litigation. The worker often argued that he paid his dues to the union for industrial reasons only. Indeed, in the closed shop he was compelled thus to buy his footing. And it was manifestly unjust that he should be debarred from following his occupation, say, as engineer, unless he subscribed the political expenses of a candidate against whom, very possibly, he would, as a Liberal or a Conservative, cast his vote. These considerations were, however, swept aside. The Labor Party got its money. And when war broke out, the party was already a force in the House of Commons.

But everywhere in Europe, and England was no exception, the war broke up the Socialist Party. Arthur Henderson and others supported the war and even went so far as to join the Coalition Government. But Snowden and Macdonald took the view of Lord Morley and John Burns, who considered that Britain should have remained neutral. Whatever may be thought of this attitude on merits, no one can doubt Macdonald's sincerity. In August, 1914, he faced the House of Commons, fairly and squarely, and in dignified terms stated his position. And in the coupon election of 1918, he and those who had shared his Pacifism were wiped off the slate.

After the Armistice, Macdonald began to "come back." The reason was the attitude of France and the Treaty

of Versailles. There was no Senate in Britain to reject the Treaty nor would such rejection have been in line with British procedure. What happened was more gradual. The Labor Party grew in strength and numbers. Once more, there were many Liberals who despaired of the divisions in their own ranks and came to believe that the only hope of reform lay in some new political combination. Also the returned soldiers were disillusioned. And last year, when the country was polled, the despised Pacifists had their day. Nearly 150 Labor members, pledged to act as a separate party, were returned to the Commons, and the only question was who should be elected leader. The man in the saddle was J. R. Clynes, who had served under Lloyd George and been created a Privy Councillor. His rival was Macdonald, and on a narrow vote of the party, Macdonald, as the abler Parliamentarian, was chosen. Outside the majority of the Conservative Government, his party was the largest in the House. He was thus the leader of the Opposition-"an unofficial office" held by Disraeli, Gladstone and Asquith.

Will he ever be Prime Minister? Who can tell? How many a slip there is between the cup and the lip! For Macdonald, by his very strategy, has made matters difficult for his party. Most of the people who support Labor are really Liberals who would be quite satisfied with a constructive Liberalism. If Labor and Liberalism worked together, they could break Toryism everywhere and govern Britain for twenty years. Macdonald could be Prime Minister. Asquith could be his Lord Chancellor. And Lloyd George could be his Foreign Secretary or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

To such an arrangement, Macdonald would be the last man to object. He is now quite the Elder Statesman. He dines with the King. He hobnobs with the Prince of Wales. He attends state funerals. And he is shrewd enough to know that he cannot possibly form a Government without the help of other brains than Labor. His trouble is that

he has taught his followers their anti-Liberal creed a shade too thoroughly. His hot-heads have come to the conclusion that Liberals really are the foe to be fought. And all over the electoral battlefield, therefore, the hopes of democracy are shattered by threecorner contests which have no result except to send a Conservative to Westminster on a minority vote. Macdonald is thus finding that it is easier to keep the Liberals out of office than it is to put himself and his friends into office. By means of an issue like the capital levy, he has broken up the forces of progress and he cannot so easily piece the fragments together again.

His career has been, therefore, a brilliant improvisation—a fascinating "may-be." Is it to end as a "might have been"? Time will show. A succession of general elections must impoverish both the Liberal and Labor Parties, and political finance may force what appears to be an inevitable fusion.

#### JAMES LUCEY, "MENDER OF SHOES" AND "PRESIDENT MAKER"

HEN President Coolidge wrote to James Lucey, shoemaker of Northampton, Massachusetts, that but for him he would not have reached his high office, what did he mean? And what inspired that brief, but extraordinary letter, quoted in Current Opinion for October, which suddenly turned the spotlight upon an elderly Irishman who has worked for thirty-seven years at repairing shoes in the basement of his modest dwelling?

For an answer to these questions, Allan Harding traveled to Northampton with a pair of badly worn shoes and the inquisitiveness of an interviewer. The replies he obtained, for the American Magazine, furnish an excellent pen portrait of "a wise and happy mender of shoes," and do much to explain his power in shaping the character of the thirtieth President of the United States.

As for the assertion in the famous letter from President Coolidge to James Lucey that "I would not be here if it were not for you, Lucey does not know what the President meant. "It's a mystery to me," he is quoted as saying.

Asked if he had helped Mr. Coolidge in his early campaigns for office in Northampton, Lucey replied that he had "voted for him and maybe encouraged a few other people to vote for him, too. But that wasn't much. Perhaps it meant more to him that I believed in him and in his having a great future. I said then that Cal Coolidge could be President of this country some day if he wanted to be."

In this Northampton shoemaker the American representative discovered a man who works fourteen hours a day—from seven in the morning until eleven at night. He has been hammering away at his last, most of the time in this same spot, ever since coming to this country from Ireland 43 years ago. Now he is sixty-six, grayheaded, but hale and hearty, with keen blue eyes behind iron-rimmed spectacles, and a remnant of Irish brogue still clinging to his tongue like the smell of peat to a thatched Irish cottage.

The shoemaker's story in his own words follows:

"Well, then, I was born in County Kerry, near beautiful Killorglin, in the south of Ireland."

"And did you learn your trade over there?"

"That I did! And though you may think I'm throwing bouquets at myself, I'll say that I learned it well. When I was fifteen, I was apprenticed to a sheemaker who lived about a mile from my home. I served with him for five years. No pay, except my board and lodging.

Indeed, my parents had to pay him five pounds the first year, because I wasn't supposed to be worth anything at all to him then.

"When I was twenty, I was a full-fledged shoemaker. Some of you writing folks call me a cobbler. But over there, where I learned my trade, a cobbler was a man of little knowledge and less skill. He couldn't make a pair of shoes to save his life. He could only 'cobble' them; that is, do a pretty poor job of mending them. My customers don't call me a cobbler! Some of them send to me from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and even from farther away. And do you know how some of them write my name on the address? 'Mr. Lucey, Shoe Artist.' . . . 'Shoe Artist,'" he repeated, smiling. "Well, that's nice of them.

"I had a brother in Northampton; so I came here, and have lived here ever since. I brought my wife with me; for I married before I was twenty-one years old. We have brought up a family of eight children; sent some of them to college, married some of them, and seen them

make their own start.

"What have I put into life and what have I got out of it? Well, for thirtyseven years I've not gone very far from this house we're in. Down here in this basement I've had my work. And upstairs I've had my wife and my boys and girls. Could any man get more of what really counts in life? I've never made much money. I have to work a long day to earn four or five dollars. But it isn't hard work; not for me, because I know how to do it, and I enjoy it. I can work as well now as when I was younger; a little better, in fact, because I have the skill and the judgment that come with experience. My children have done well. And my wife-

He hesitated a moment, then looked up

with his quizzical smile.

"I don't think I'm going to like what you write about me!" he said.

"Why?"

"Well, I've read a bit of logic, and it seems to me to be a logical conclusion that you're going to write something in praise of me, if only to prove that the President was justified in saying what he did in that letter. But I want to tell you that I don't deserve anyone's praise. "Tis true that I've worked fourteen hours a day, that my children have been fed and

clothed and educated, and that I've been able to buy the house we live in.

"That's all true. But it's the wife and mother that deserves the praise. I'm up at seven in the morning; but my wife is up at six! I go to bed about eleven; she'e never in bed before twelve! I have a home; but my wife made that possible, because she was economical and thrifty and hard-working. I am proud of my children; but it was my wife that really brought them up; she fed them, made their clothes, cared for them—and she did every bit of the work, even the washing.

"What could we have done, on the little money I've earned, if she hadn't managed the way she has? And when I say I've worked in my shop fourteen hours a day, I must say, too, that I've had pleasure along with the work. People come in and talk to me, interesting people, some of them; even a man that becomes President! But my wife's work doesn't bring her that pleasure. Yet she does it faithfully and well. I'd not be honest, if I did not give her the credit that is her due."

Picking up a blank book, such as school children use for exercises, James Lucey turned to a page where, written in pencil, was the following letter:

To His Excellency, Calvin Coolinge, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: Your very gracious letter has been received, and it really made me feel ten years younger to know that you thought of writing to me when so many serious matters were demanding your attention.

Dear friend, accept my congratulations and those of my family on your reaching the highest honor that this great country can bestow on her sons; an honor which I never doubted would

be yours.

Do not work too hard; heed what came to others who were in your place. And save your health! My best wishes are always with you and Mrs. Coolidge and your fine boys. God bless you. This little letter may seem a bit antique, but you may be sure that what it contains is sincere and heartfelt.

Yours as always,

JAMES LUCEY.

#### THE RECORD OF A HAPPY LIFE

HERE is one quality possessed by every writer who has the world with him: it is the infectious spirit of enthusiasm." So Kate Douglas Wiggin declares in a sentence which sounds the key-note of her autobiography, "My Garden of Memory" (Houghton Mifflin), completed only a few days before her recent death. It was Mrs. Wiggin's gift that she brought a buoyant soul into the world and could express it not only in her personality, but in the delightful tales which have made her name a household word on both sides of the Atlantic. She comes to us, now, as the representative of a generation that has passed

or is passing. She lived in an era that, contrasted with ours, was unperplexed. And that very fact has given her books a purity and simplicity that seem outside of the reach of present-day writers. In the light of comparison with the succession of recent autobiographies that have been dank and foul with underbrush places of conduct and mind. Mrs. Wiggin's autobiography, as Fannie Hurst points out in the New York Herald, cannot be termed storm-born. "It is a summer day and its clouds are mackerel ones."

Mrs. Wiggin had such a prodigal nature that she was bound to make a success, it would seem, of whatever she

undertook. She helped to start, in San Francisco, the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains. She thought at one time of going on the stage, and was encouraged to do so by no less a person than Henry Irving. She loved music; was an excellent speaker; enjoyed the happiest of married lives; and attracted to her table many of the most gifted men of her time.

Her motto was, "Expect everything and some of it will happen," and she stuck to it in times of adversity. Fortune, it proved, was on her side. One of the most amusing episodes of her early career has to do with a story which she sent to St. Nicholas magazine, then edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. waited months, and at last came a letter with a check. She had never, at that time, seen a check, and when she read it she decided that she was to receive a dollar and a half for her story - a fair enough value, she thought, for a first effort. After some scrutiny it dawned upon her



KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AND TWO OF HER CHILD-FRIENDS

It was part of Mrs. Wiggin's philosophy that every adult is strengthened by contact with child-life. She liked to quote the Moorish proverb: "Work for the children is better than pilgrimage or holy war."



THE EARLY HOME OF KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

In this cottage in Hollis, Maine, Mrs. Wiggin locates the childhood memories so vividly described in her autobiography. She traveled far before she returned to Hollis to buy, in another section of the village, her "Quillcote" farm.

that she was to receive fifteen dollars. But not until her eye slipped from the figures to the plainly written sum did she realize that it was a hundred and fifty dollars. She and her mother and sister almost fainted from the shock!

The best of her early writing, including "The Story of Patsy" and "The Birds' Christmas Carol," was the generous effort of a girl to add to the limited resources of a poor kindergarten; and the "Carol," we learn, had been in part inspired by a chance meeting with Charles Dickens on a train on which she and the famous English novelist had both happened to be traveling from Portland to Boston. She also had the good luck to visit Concord while Emerson was still alive, and attended there the School of Philosophy in which not only Emerson, but William Ellery Channing, F. B. Sanborn, Bronson Alcott, Julia Ward Howe, Rose Hawthorne and many more of the elect participated.

When she sent her paper-covered "Carol" from San Francisco to Houghton, Mifflin & Company, of Boston, Mr. Houghton himself took the book home in his pocket and read it aloud to his family on the piazza of their country home. The next morning, in the office of his firm, he said: "If you folks don't

happen to like this book, I do, and I'll publish it on my own account if necessary."

The "Carol" was ultimately so successful that it was translated into seven languages, including Japanese. It and "The Story of Patsy" were followed by "Timothy's Quest," "A Cathedral Courtship" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Rebecca's origin, Mrs. Wiggin tells us, was peculiar to herself. "I was recovering," she says, "from a long illness, and very early one morning I lay in a sort of waking dream." The narrative proceeds:

"I saw an old - fashioned stage - coach rumbling along a dusty country road lined with maple and elm trees. A kind, rosyfaced man held the reins that guided two lean horses, and from the little window of the coach leaned a dark-haired gypsy of a child. I was instantly attracted by her long braids floating in the breeze and by the beauty of the eyes in her mischievous face. She pushed back a funny little hat with an impatient gesture, straightened it on her head with a thump, and, with some wriggling, managed to secure the attention of the driver by poking him with a tiny frilled parasol. That was all. The picture came, and went, and returned, and finally faded away, but it haunted me, and I could recall every detail of it

at will. Too weak to write, I wondered who the child was, and whither she was traveling, and whence she came. I could not content myself until I had created answers to my questions and the final answer was, indeed, the book itself. The child even named herself, for the moment I visualized her mother it seemed to me that a romantic novel-reading woman might have so loved the two heroines of 'Ivanhoe' that she called her baby after both of them."

Mrs. Wiggin is said to have made more than \$300,000 from "Rebecca" as book, play and moving picture, and it is still going strong. Nothing else that she has written, perhaps, so fully reveals her. It casts what Frances Hodgson Burnett has called the strangest and most subtle of spells—that woven by a creature with the genius for living and an utter unconsciousness of her power and charm, or of anything, indeed, but the immense fascination of being alive and launched on the entranced exploration of mere existence day by day.

It had always been Mrs. Wiggin's conviction that any writing worthy of the name must be based on experience of life and sympathy with human nature; and she herself tasted life to the full. She was married twice, the first time to Samuel B. Wiggin, a young lawyer of Boston, whom she had known from girlhood; the second time to George C. Riggs, whom she on a steamer going to Europe. crossed the ocean twenty times; lived for a while with Mr. Riggs in Venice; and knew Great Britain almost as well as her native land. Her affection still clung, however, to Hollis, Maine, the village in which her childhood had been spent, and she bought, in 1905, the Quillcote Farm in Hollis in which her later writing was done. She says:

"Quillcote began by being the most idyllic place for work ever known. There were even summers when I wrote the stories in "The Village Watch-Tower' under my own apple trees, and nobody ever looked at me or spoke to me or wondered what I was doing. I had grown up in the village, and, although my neighbors

thought me a pleasant, intelligent child, and a nice woman, they did not consider my talent worth mentioning.

"Quillcote was then a restful, serene country home; nowadays it is a beehive where not a single drone has a chance to live—a center of village improvement, a beacon light on the countryside on which somebody has to pile fuel every day. It used to bask tranquilly in the sun, twenty years ago, and books issued regularly through the elm-shaded front door with the dark green blinds. Now the door is frequently blocked with earnest persons of nearby resorts, who want to know about Vacation School, our Dorcas Society, our Library, or our Village Improvement Association."

There is no space here to tell of Mrs. Wiggin's social triumphs and of her intimate association with William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Ian Maclaren, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and a score of others almost as distinguished. She was made a Doctor of Letters by Bowdoin College, and bore her honors gracefully. In the end she could say that she had found life more than good and that much of her realest happiness had issued from ordinary things. As she puts it:

"After all, it is not alone the marvelous deeds, the great moments, the magnificent achievements, that make the record of a life worth setting down, though I will allow they make more fascinating reading.

"To believe that the sometimes trivial details of one's own months and years are worth preserving would indeed be unutterable vanity; but, on the other hand, we have in a book of memories the means of transmitting the theory of life and truth which we bear within ourselves, humble though it may be. And so, when the literary impulse sweeps aside everything else, with great as with little artists alike, we write, not always, indeed, a life that like a rich tapestry reveals a rich personality behind it, but a simpler, soberer, merrier, more unpretentious sort of thing. perhaps, that is 'us,' 'ourselves,' and somewhere readers are waiting for it. . . .

"The song is more joyous in youth, fuller and stronger in middle age; it quavers a little as the years go on and on; but the song itself is never ended."

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## JOSEPH CONRAD'S NEW STORY OF A SEA ROVER

F romantic novels of the first rank were received with a quarter of the enthusiasm accorded romantic dramas of the second, there is no doubt that readers would be dancing on the steps of public libraries in honor of Joseph Conrad's latest novel. So Lawrence Stallings declares in the New York World. "One might go further," Mr. Stallings continues, "and imagine long lines before the bookshops, waiting for the doors to open and watching electricians as they put up the name of Joseph Conrad in electric lights before the portals. Booksellers might be advising frantic patrons that they were

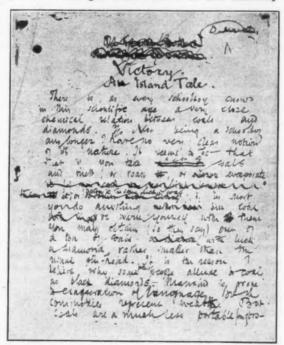
sold out and referring wealthy customers to the agencies, where the shop treasurer has carried the best copies in return for a 25-cent gyp on each." Mr. Conrad's new piece is called "The Rover." It is, in one word, a hit.

To say that the piece is a masterpiece worthy to rank alongside the great romances of history would be giving, according to Mr. Stallings, no news at all. Masterpieces have become a commonplace in Conrad's workshop. "For the past thirty years one could have fancied Mrs. Conrad calling to her husband: 'Finish your next masterpiece, Joseph dear. You're keeping lunch.'" Mr. Stallings goes on to say:

"It seems that Mr. Conrad has not received a tenth of the popularity his genius has deserved. And doubtless some of this lack has been due to the accursed reverence paid him by so many topers who go blind drunk on his intoxication of words and phrases, and who then offer to fight any man find-

ing a good half of 'Lord Jim' very, very dull. Now it may be that a great many of these topers will be disappointed in 'The Rover.' It may possibly be the greatest of his novels since 'Almayer's Folly,' but one cannot sit up night after night with it (a bottle of Marlow at one's elbow) and be lulled by the surge and thunder of his gigantic seas.

"'The Rover' moves too swiftly for stealthy and progressive intoxication. It must be taken all at once, heady and strong, to realize the full effect of a glow that should dim all other novels for many days. It is paced with the speed of a typhoon. Moreover, it is set in Napoleonic times, and so there is no marvelous and garrulous Marlow to talk aimlessly



THE FIRST PAGE OF A CONRAD MANUSCRIPT SOLD FOR \$8,100

At a recent auction sale in New York City, Joseph Conrad's manuscripts brought the highest prices ever paid for the autograph work of a living author. Bidding was brisk as the manuscript of "Chance" was sold for \$6,600; that of "Almayer's Folly" for \$5,300; and that of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" for \$4,550. Altogether, \$110,998 was realized from the sale of 230 Conrad items.

and beautifully through the long hours of the second dog-watch. Mr. Conrad has put aside the brush that has given new glories to the marines and seascapes in the galleries of the masters. He has carved this novel into a bright and glorious figure of action."

The rover of the story is a Frenchman. Peyrol, who has come back, after a half-century of roaming the seas, to his native place. His memories are overlaid by "impressions of endless oceans, of the Mozambique Channel, of Arabs and negroes, of Madagascar, of the coast of India, of islands and channels and reefs; of fights at sea, rows on shore, desperate slaughter and desperate thirst, of all sorts of ships one after another: merchant ships and frigates and privateers; of reckless men and enormous sprees." He is well summed up as a lusty old pirate, and he carries, wrapped about him, stolen gold. He is looking, now, for a refuge in which to spend his declining years, and he turns to a farm on the cliffs above "the blue level of the Mediterranean, the charmer and deceiver of audacious men." What he wants is peace, but the veil of peace is "torn down by the touch of a sentiment unexpected like an intruder and cruel like an enemy." To put the whole matter plainly, British warships are off the coast and a drama is unfolding that is destined to draw him into the most robust adventure of his career.

On the farm the returned wanderer finds himself living amidst a strange crew. The atmosphere of the French Revolution hangs over all. There is Citoyen Bron, a sansculotte who is still brooding over the hideous Terror in which he had been active. There is the girl Arlette, whose parents Bron had been instrumental in having killed and who, though nominally owner of the farm, is largely under the control of Bron. Conrad says of her that "as to catching her glance you might just as well have tried to catch a wild seabird with your hands. And altogether she was like a sea-bird-not to be grasped." There is the girl's aunt,

Catharine, who lives in an anguish of dread lest Bron may insist on marrying Arlette, and who does all in her power to forestall him. There is Lieutenant Réal, of the French navy, the girl's sweetheart, charged with a secret mission by his government and planning to allow himself to be captured, with false dispatches, by an English ship.

Just as Réal is about to embark on a boat provided by Peyrol, Arlette comes flying down to the shore and falls unconscious on the deck. Bron, who has thrust himself into the affair, is already imprisoned in the craft. This is Peyrol's opportunity, and, by a clever exercise of his wits, he waves the lovers to a place of safety and himself sets out on the mission from which he is never to return.

Peyrol may thus be said to solve all the problems of the story; and, dying in one magnificent coup, he tricks the British, destroys the sansculotte, unites the lovers, and provides one of Conrad's rare happy-endings. "It is a story of great and enduring beauty," Mr. Stallings asserts. He adds:

"I know of no scene in any other novel where death is so great an adventure as was Peyrol's. The man seems to be shaped of Conrad's thoughts—age giving way to youth. One may say that the sailor lay down his life that others might live, and draw the Biblical morality that he who loseth his life, etc. Yet it seems to me that Conrad was more concerned with showing the man, and not the moral.

"He was more concerned with his old sailor than with ethics, for Conrad was the little boy who ran away to sea before he knew the life of earth. And he was the sailor home from the sea, who would lay him down with a will. He has done nothing finer than this book, where Peyrol, the man of dark deeds but of large heart, meets death with the serenity of one who has loved well and fought well, and who will ring down the curtain with an heroic stanza. As Peyrol lies dying in the swirling bow of that giddy little blockade-runner, the voice of the girl ringing in his ears, he hears the man-o'-war's master crying 'Steady!' from the pyramid of canvas bearing down upon him. It is Mr. Conrad's cry to age."

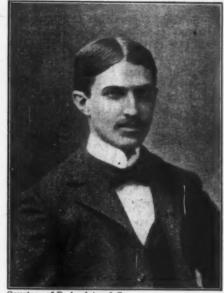
## THE REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN STEPHEN CRANE

NLY the spark of real genius could account for the fact that Stephen Crane, who died nearly twenty-five years ago, is again forging to the front. This gifted writer, whose "Red Badge of Courage" and short stories revealed powers of unique quality, is celebrated in a new study by Thomas Beer for which Joseph Conrad has written an introduction, and is also the subject of an essay contained in a new book by Vincent Starrett. There is something that instantly grips the imagination in both of these books. Mr. Beer's record, in particular, makes an irresistible appeal. We find, in all the reviews that it has inspired, a note of genuine enthusiasm; and even the Christian Advocate has been moved to publish a tribute to the literary pioneer who was born in a Methodist parsonage in Newark, New Jersey.

In a sense, of course, Stephen Crane's reputation is already established. tablet to his memory has been set in the Free Library at Newark. William Dean Howells and Henry James, as well as Conrad, have sung his praises, and H. G. Wells has styled him "one of the most brilliant, most significant and most distinctly American of all Eng-lish writers." But, in spite of these panegyrics. Stephen Crane is for many only a legendary figure. His writings have never been gathered for permanent publication, and some of his best

stories are out of print.

No other American writer achieved international fame at the age of twenty-four, as Crane did with "The Red Badge of Courage." This amazing novel of war, written by a man who had never been to war, is, literally, prismatic. In a previous novel, "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," he had written in the spirit of the Zolaesque



Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co. HIS STAR IS IN THE ASCENDANT Stephen Crane, who once offered to sell his literary future for thirty dollars, is now recognized as one of the few indisputable geniuses of American birth.

and naturalistic tradition. In the "Red Badge" he blazed a new path. He was an imagist, as Mr. Starrett puts it, before our modern imagists were known. and his style was imitated by many of his successors. The delicate dissection of the soul of a recruit, the business of the lad who turns over a letter of farewell to a friend before a battle, a flowery advance of banners and a description of fires by night have all appeared in adaptations; and Alan Seeger's graceful poem, "I have a rendezvous with death," is known to have been suggested by the tenth chapter of the novel. "Crane's effect on Anglo-American prose," Mr. Beer remarks, "has never been questioned by critics of any competence, and his clear departure from the traditions of written English startled his day. There were vigorous

<sup>1</sup> STEPHEN CRANE: A STUDY IN AMERICAN LET-TERS. Alfred A. Knopf.

Buried Caesars: Essays in Literary Appreciation. Covici-McGee Co., Chicago.

catcalls and brayings, of course. It was passionately urged that no decent youth should describe emotions in terms of colors, that his grammar was wildly molded to the needs of a point. But he was indisputably famous at the age of twenty-four, by reason of a book written, or designed, before his twenty-second birthday."

Crane published a second book on war, entitled "War Stories: Wounds in the Rain," based on what he saw in the Spanish - American complication. He also published a book of war-poetry under the ironical title, "War is Kind." And he built up a second reputation as a writer of stories that cover a broader field-stories of horror, stories of frustration, stories in which, with detached eye, he views the human tragi-comedy. One of his stories, "The Open Boat," describing an actual experience that he had in connection with a shipwreck, appeals to Joseph Conrad as a masterpiece of its kind.

The life of Crane is no less interesting than his work. He died at the age of twenty-nine, and crowded into a few years an intensity of experience that most men two or three times his age have missed. He recalls Edgar Allan Poe and Lafcadio Hearn, and, like the latter, attempted work as a newspaper reporter. His first efforts as a writer were curiously futile, and, after the death of his father and mother, he suffered privation. Mr. Beer tells how he tramped four miles with the manuscript of "Maggie" to see Hamlin Garland, and how the latter was startled by the boy's admission that he would sell his literary future for thirty dollars. "To Garland there was already a tragic vesture on this lean, sallow boy. The palpitating eyes were somber: the tearing intensity of the brain was clear to his experience." Mr. Beer continues:

"Crane's appearance misled people. He had heavy shoulders and a pair of meager hips that made clothes fit him badly even when he dressed with care. His eyes discolored easily and, after a night of work or indifferent poker, he seemed always ill.

Women invariably thought him handsome; men, with some exceptions, thought his face too long and his mouth too flexible. . . . It should be pointed out that Crane was actually muscular, and his body was an enduring machine that could carry him through a good deal of fatigue, as long as he was given plenteous sleep. But his exterior was, somehow, fantastic, and already, in March of 1893, he was pointed out to a Southerner, Ford Bemis, as an eccentric who spent all his time in dives of the Bowery and was the outcast son of an Episcopal bishop. It should be pointed out, too, that Crane had a degree of the grand innocence in his character. Walking across Union Square with Elbert Hubbard and Acton Davies, he would deliberately stop to talk to an interesting tramp or some elderly painted woman, and would hold his circumspect, annoyed companions still until the wearisome string of lies had been rolled out. 'He had,' said Hubbard, 'no sense of propriety."

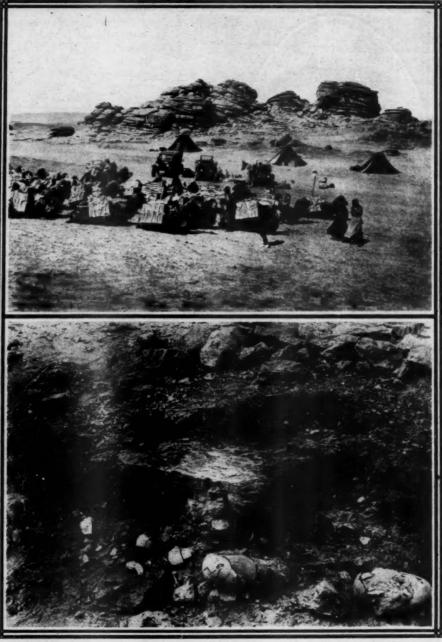
All kinds of scandalous charges were made against Crane both before and Richard Harding after his death. Davis once engaged in a fist fight at Delmonico's with a man who had said that Crane was dying of nameless and disgusting diseases. The fact was that he affected, rather than practiced, dissipation. He liked to dramatize his rôle as a famous literary man, and for a time lived with his wife in a sort of baronial castle in England. Here he could gather dogs about him, ride horseback and entertain his friends. He was iconoclastic in dealing with the reputations of his contemporaries, and he was not ashamed to admit that he was "one who knows not Balzac and Dostoy-what's-his-name." There were times when life bore hardly upon him, and when he cultivated cynicism and pessimism. But he cherished a keen sense of literary integrity, and could write to a friend: "I understand that a man is born into the world with his own pair of eyes, and he is not at all responsible for his vision-he is merely responsible for his quality of personal honesty. To keep close to this personal honesty is my supreme ambition."



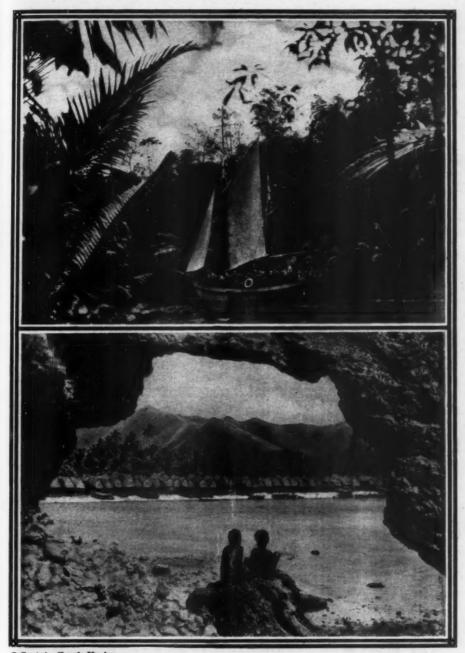
© Keystone—International

NOW IT IS A RESTORED WHITMAN SHRINE

No. 330 Mickle Street, Camden, N. J., where the "Good, Gray Poet" spent his "great last years," was impressively dedicated in November as a permanent civic memorial.



© Kadel & Herbert
PREHISTORIC DINOSAUR EGGS AND THE EXPEDITION WHICH FOUND THEM
In the Gobi Desert of Mongolia an American Museum expedition discovered and has
brought to this country mammal eggs and skeletons 10,000,000 years old.



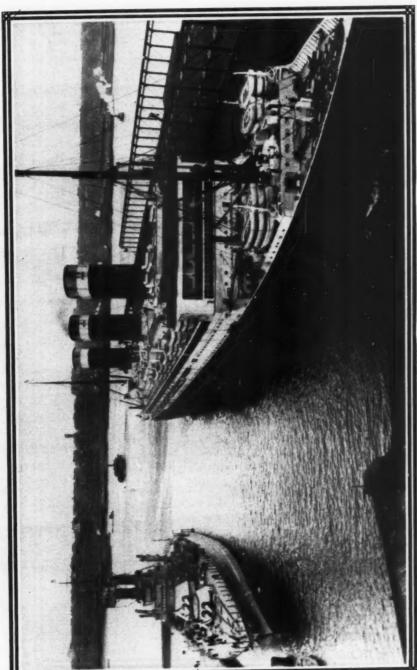
© Captain Frank Hurley
A CANNIBAL VILLAGE AND THE CRAFT WHICH FILLED IT WITH WONDER
Capt. Frank Hurley heads a party of Australian explorers which penetrated 300 miles into the hitherto unknown wilds of British New Guinea, populated with "semitic savages."



© Underwood—New York Tribune

MUSSOLINI TO OWN THE CASTLE OF HIS BOYHOOD DREAMS

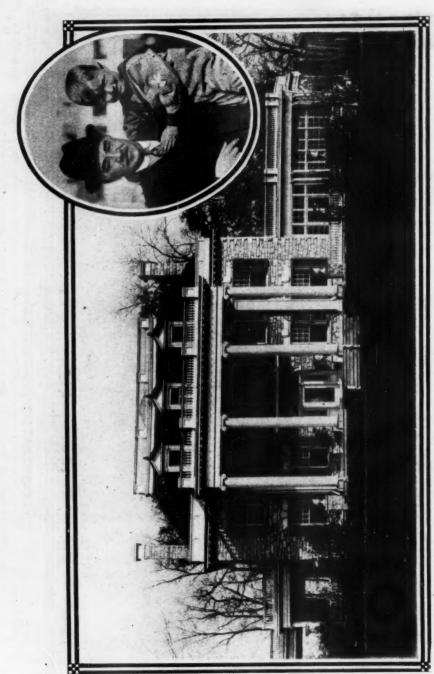
Showing the Italian Premier as "Corporal of Honor" in the Fascisti Militia, beside the "Roman Eagles," and the Guelph fortress in his native province, bought for him by popular subscription.



© Underwood

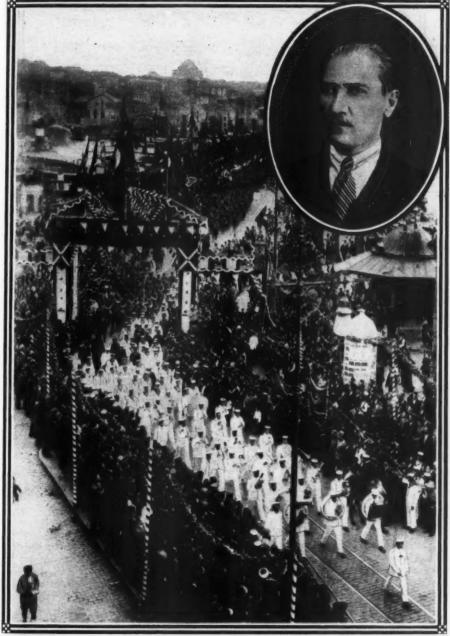
A MAN-OF-WAR AND MISTRESS-OF-THE-SEAS IN CONTRAST

The giant steamship "Leviathan," largest passenger vessel under the American flag, overshadows the "Colorado," largest and mightiest dreadnaught of the United States Navy, at their adjoining piers in the Hudson River.



Wide World-Underwood

Milton S. Hershey, whose mansion at Hershey, Pa., is pictured here, together with himself and a "charge account," startles the country with a new and true philanthropy. HAVING A "HERSHEY HEART," HE GIVES \$60,000,000 TO ORPHANS



@ Wide World

THE "TERRIBLE TURK" MARCHES BACK INTO EUROPE

Showing Mustapha Kemal (inset) and his Iron Division, which burned Smyrna, crossing the Galata Bridge into Constantinople, as the Allied troops sail away down the Bosphorus.



HIS FIRST STEPS, TAKEN IN SILESIA, TOWARD THE TEUTON THRONE
Former Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm and his popular wife are reunited at their
castle at Oela, following his exile and spectacular "escape" from Holland.

### FOUR WITS OF MANHATTAN

N a paper lately published in the Century under the title "Day In and Day Out," Carl Van Doren pays a notable tribute to the "columnists" of America. Pointing out that the personal editorial of a generation ago has given way to the distinctive paragraph. he names Eugene Field, of Chicago, as the man who set the standard form at a newspaper column, and who went a long way toward determining the scope of that column. He goes on to speak of George Ade and Bert Leston Taylor, who were also Chicago men, and shows how they made possible the whole tribe of our later columnists. Of these, four, all New Yorkers, are generally admitted to be supreme. They are Franklin P. Adams, of "The Conning Tower" in the World; Christopher Morley, of "The Bowling Green" in the Evening Post: Don Marquis, of "The Lantern" in the Tribune; and Heywood Broun, of "It Seems to Me" in the World.

Mr. Adams is described as, in a strict sense, the wit of the group. "He is the neatest of them all with his gay verses, the crispest of all with his puns." It is perhaps his dexterity and insouciance, his "gyroscopic balance," which have seemed to his followers to be his most delightful traits; yet "there must not be overlooked," Mr. Van Doren writes, "that touch of plaintiveness which adds a special interest to his charm. Again and again he lets slip some hint of the despair he feels when he encounters supreme loveliness in poetry and by it measures his own jaunty product."

Mr. Morley is declared to be as expansive as Mr. Adams is self-possessed. His manner is all mellowness. Mr. Van Doren suspects that Dickens helped him to like ale and that Joseph Conrad helped him to like oceans. "His special quality is the heartiness with which he takes his public into his confidence on all the topics that enlist him."

The characteristic which, for Carl Van Doren, distinguishes Mr. Marquis



THE ROVING CRITIC

Carl Van Doren, literary editor of the Century, expresses his judgments with extraordinary clarity and crispness. His studies of American novelists are among the best in their field, and his fugitive papers (of the kind summarized on this page) are always well worth reading.

from his rivals among the columnists, is his gift of character-creation. He lives for his public in the careers of those preposterous, fascinating personages who wander on and off his daily stage. Archy the cockroach, Mehitabel the cat, Hermione the platitudinarian, Fothergil Finch the minor poet, Prudence Hecklebury the incomparable prude, Captain Fitzurse the swaggerer, Al the bartender, the Old Soak who in dry days lifts his thirsty voice with incredible ingenuity of protest—all have the kind of vitality that only a great talent could impart.

Mr. Broun talks about himself and his opinions, nor is he bothered by false reticences. He illustrates the paradox that if a writer is only personal enough, he achieves impersonality as well. He must have many readers, Mr. Van Doren says, who, having come to this or to that hasty judgment upon some

contemporary topic, discover that Mr. Broun's thinking begins where their's left off.

According to Carl Van Doren's observation, the race of columnists are not in too important a degree shaped by the race of newspapers which are their medium. "They are town wits, as Addison and Steele were in their merry London, as Irving and Paulding were in the New York of a hundred

years ago. Like their elder prototypes, the columnists occasionally foregather in what might once have been called taverns or coffee-houses, or sit each in his favorite haunts with his friends and hangers-on."

Definite examples of the wit of "F. P. A.," Christopher Morley, Don Marquis and Heywood Broun will be found in the "Colyumists' Colyums" in this issue of CURRENT OPINION.

# DWIGHT FRANKLIN'S "PICTURES IN THREE DIMENSIONS"

York City, in a studio in a ramskackle building over a Broadway mowing-picture theater, one of the original artists of our time is achieving memorable work. He is Dwight

N the upper West Side of New Franklin, and the visitor entering the studio finds himself flanked by a series of "groups" in lighted boxes which make an instant appeal and suggest magic paintings. None of the figures in the tableaux is more than seven or

eight inches high. Every detail of form, of color, of lighting and of background shows exquisite care. There is something here so unusual as to be almost unique. These miniature representations are best described as "pictures in three dimensions."

Mr. Franklin's work dates back some ten years, and has been "written up" in a score of newspapers and of magazines, including the International Studio. It has been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Children's Museum in Brooklyn, the museums of Cleveland and Newark and Charleston, the University of Illinois, the Illinois State Museum and the French War Museum in Paris. It aroused the interest of Theodore Roosevelt, and has held the attention of Booth Tarkington and of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Mr. Franklin has been asked to make a series



THE CRO-MAGNON MAN

This group is one of a series made by Dwight Franklin for the Cleveland Museum of Art. It shows the kind of man who flourished in southern France and Spain some 25,000 years ago, and who left paintings and carvings of animals on the walls of limestone caverns.

of groups in commemoration of Roosevelt's life for the Roosevelt house and museum recently opened in New York City. He has made portrait-figures of Glenn Hunter and John Barrymore, and is making a new portrait-figure of Gloria Swanson.

This entire output can be traced back to the time in Dwight Franklin's boyhood when he was playing with lead soldiers and dressing up in costume and putting on plays. He collected arms at an early age, and was particularly fond of getting out in the woods and camping. After he left school he spent a year on Country Life and became actively interested in wild-animal photography. Then he went to the Museum of Natural History in New York City, where he spent eight years as a sculptor, taxidermist, photographer and field collector. His fantastic impulses were, for the time being, held in abeyance; he was forced to do scientifically accurate work. But when he left the museum he swung back to the romantic.

The first of Dwight Franklin's groups to attract widespread interest, we learn from an article by Deems Taylor in the New York *Tribune*, was an Esquimau scene, executed for the museum of the Newark Public Library. This order was promptly followed by another, for a group of Newark Indians. By this time, 1914, he was thinking seriously of geographical and historical groups. The Newark groups came to the attention of the officials of the Brooklyn Children's Museum, who immediately ordered a series of twelve.

It requires a peculiar combination of talents, Mr. Taylor points out, to be a successful builder of museum groups:

"Mr. Franklin is in turn painter, sculptor, carpenter, plasterer, wood-carver, costumer, archeologist, biologist, botanist and electrician. In planning a group he first makes a preliminary sketch of the proposed scene in oil or water color. This is submitted to his client for approval and suggestions. He next builds a cardboard model, on a small scale. After this comes the actual construction of the group.



THE CREATOR OF A MINIATURE WORLD Dwight Franklin rebuilds the past and embodies adventure in groups that museums and collectors are proud to own.

"The background is a curved sheet of galvanized iron, on which is painted the sky and, in some cases, the distant land-scape. The foreground is modeled in plaster, on a framework of wire netting. The figures of people or animals are modeled in wax.

"Everything must be in proportion, and everything must be absolutely correct. The costumes must satisfy an ethnologist, the birds must satisfy an ornithologist, the botany must satisfy a botanist—everything in the group, in fact, must be sufficiently perfect in detail to pass muster with a specialist. The amount of study and labor this entails is necessarily enormous."

The geographical groups made for the Brooklyn Museum were followed by historical groups now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. One of these, a reconstruction of the fourteenth-century banquet hall of Penhurst Castle, in Kent, England, is a masterpiece of detail. Another, showing "Justinian and Theodora in the Narthex of Saint Sophia," is the most ornate and scholarly work produced from Mr. Franklin's studio. A third



A VIKING SHIP

The suggestion offered here is of Leif Ericson sighting the shores of America in the eleventh century. Like all of Dwight Franklin's groups, this study is historically accurate, as well as romantically thrilling.

shows a scribe in his cell bending over a fifteenth-century manuscript.

Prehistoric man was the next subject to engage Mr. Franklin's artistic interest. The apeman of Java, the man of the Stone Age, the Cro-Magnon man, the Neolithic man, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age were all reproduced for the Cleveland Museum of Art.

When America was drawn into the World War, Mr. Franklin made a series of studies used by our Liberty Loan committees and by kindred organizations in Canada. "Machine Gunners" sets down the repellant desolation of the battle-front. "Zero Hour" shows soldiers waiting for the fateful moment to "go over the top." A third group, commissioned by the Jewish Welfare Board to commemorate its work with the troops in France, is now in Paris.

In the last three years, as William B. M'Cormick records in the International Studio, Mr. Franklin's work has entered a new field—that of literary portraiture. He made, for instance, a figure of Edgar Allan Poe for the Poetry Society of South Carolina, and when it was installed in the Charleston Museum, with appropriate ceremonies,

the crowd was so great that it could not be accommodated. An admirer of François Villon now has a figure of the luckless poet just as he was imagined by Robert Louis Stevenson in "A Lodging for the Night." Again, for a Chicago collector of Stevensonia Mr. Franklin has modeled a figure of the novelist, standing outside of a door at Saranac, so lifelike that, when shown in a photograph to Lloyd Osborne, the author's stepson and literary executor, it drew from the latter the comment that he "thought he knew every photograph of Louis made at Saranac." Reproductions of two portrait-figures of Stevenson and of a scene from "The Treasure Island" may

be found in the artgravure section of this issue of CURRENT OPINION.



THE CRUSADER

Peter the Hermit, as Dwight Franklin conceives him, is dynamic in the sense that Billy Sunday, for instance, is dynamic.

# **DERRICK'S RETURN**

### A Fantasy of the Future

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ERRICK dreamed that Indians had captured him and had laid him face down in their camp fire and were slowly burning his head off. As a matter of fact a surgeon was working out a difficult problem in the back of Derrick's throat, and for a little while, toward

the end of the operation, anesthesia had

not been complete.

The operation was a success. Something that ought not to have been in Derrick's throat was now out of it, and an incorrect arrangement of this and that had been corrected. The only trouble was a slight, ever so slight bleeding which could not be stopped. The measures taken to stop it were worse than the dream about the Indians, and, still worse, they didn't stop it. The thin trickle of blood kept on trickling until the reservoirs from which it came were empty, and then the doctors-there were a good many of them now - told the woman who sobbed and carried on that her husband's sufferings were all over. They told her that Derrick was dead.

But Derrick wouldn't have admitted that. Even the bleeding and the pain of which he seemed to have died were now but vague and negligible memories. The great thing was to get out of that body which had already begun to decay, and making use of a new and perfectly delightful power of locomotion, to get as far away from it as possible. He caught up with sounds and passed them. And he discovered presently that he could move a little more quickly than light. In a crumb of time some unerring intuition told him that he had come to the Place to which some other unerring intuition had directed him.

N OW and then during the past year the O. Henry Memorial Committee, reading hundreds of short stories that have appeared in American periodicals, has been impressed by a very short story or storiette. In the accompanying one, originally published in the Cosmopolitan, are qualities that distinguish it as a parable as well as a first-rate piece of fiction. We reprint the story by permission of the author and of the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Among the beautiful lights and shadows and colors of that Place, he learned fast. There were voices which answered his questions just as fast as he could think them. And something wonderful had happened to his memory, because it was never necessary to think the same question

twice. Knowledge came to stay. To discover how very little he had ever really known about anything didn't humiliate him. It was funny. It made him laugh.

A ND now that he was able to perceive what insuperable obstacles there must always be between the man-mob and real knowledge of any kind, he developed a certain respect for the man-mob. It had taken them, for instance, so many millions of years to find out that the world on which they lived was not flat but round. The wonder was that they had made the discovery at all. And they had succeeded in prying into certain other secrets that they were not supposed to know—ever. As, for instance, the immortality of the soul, and how to commit race suicide.

To let the man-mob discover its own immortality had been a dreadful mistake. Everybody admitted that now. The discovery had made man take himself seriously and caused him to evolve the erroneous doctrine that the way to a happy immortality lay only through making his brief mortality and that of others as miserable as possible.

He thought a question and received this answer, only the answer was in terms of thought rather than in words:

"No, they were put on earth to be happy and to enjoy themselves. For no other reason. But for some reason or other nobody told them, and they got to

taking themselves seriously. They were forced to invent all kinds of sins and bad habits so that they could gain favor by resisting them. . . . But with all respect to what you are now, you must perceive and admit what a perfect ass you were up to the time of your recent, and socalled, death."

He thought another question. The an-

swer was a negative.

"No. They will not evolve into any-thing better. They have stood still too long and got themselves into much too dreadful a mess. As a pack they will never learn that they were meant only to be happy and to enjoy themselves. Individuals, of course, have from time to time had this knowledge and practiced it, and will, but the others won't let them practice it. But don't worry. Man will die out, and insects will step in and succeed where he failed. Souls will continue for millions of years to come to this place to learn what you are learning, and be happy to know that they have waked forever from the wretched little nightmare they made for themselves on earth. And since happiness is inseparable from laughter, it will make them laugh to look back and see how religiously they sidestepped and ducked out of everything that was really worth while."

N the first days of some novel, beautiful or merely exciting experience a man misses neither his friends nor his family. And it was a long time, as time is reckoned here on earth, before Derrick realized that he had parted from all his without so much as bidding any one of

them good-by.

In time, of course, they would all come to the place where he now found himself. and share with him all that delicious wealth of knowledge and clear vision the lack of which now stood between them and happiness. Here the knowing how to be happy seemed the mere a b c of happiness. It was the first thing you learned. You not only learned how to be happy, but you applied your easily acquired knowledge and you actually were happy.

But how, the earth-dweller asks, can the spirit of a man, separated from his wife and children and from the friends he loves, and conscious of the separation, be happy? Very easily. It was one of Derrick's first questions, and the answer

had been perfectly satisfactory.

He could always go back. He had learned that almost at once. There is no such thing as separation. If he chose to wait where he was, gathering the sweetest and delightfulest knowledge among the lovely lights and shadows and colors and perfumes, even as a man gathers flowers in a beautiful garden, in the course of time all those whom he had loved so greatly would come to him and be with him forever. But if waiting would make him unhappy, here where no one need be unhappy, he could always go back. When? Now. Soon. Whenever he liked. Oh, it took a little time to get back; but not much. If, for instance, his wife at a given moment were about to lift her hands to her hair, and at that same moment he made up his mind to go back to her and actually started, he would get to her before her hands had moved more than a thousandth of an inch from her lap.

How could he communicate with her? As of old, if he liked. He could be with her. She could hear his voice, on occasions, if the actinic and electrical conditions were just right. She might actually see him. And of course he would be able to see her and to hear her. There was never any trouble about that. If he wanted to be with his family all the time, until they in turn got ready to come here, there was nothing to prevent-absolutely nothing. But had he, in his earth life, ever wanted to be with his dear ones all the time? Probably not. One of these days he would probably run into Romeo and Juliet. Very likely he would find them together. They were often together; but not always. Probably, like other loving spirits, he would not wish to be with his family all the time. He would probably do as other spirits did-go and come,

and go and come.

A BOUT communicating? He would probably find that plain, straight talk was too strong for earth-dwellers. It had been tried out on them often, and usually disastrously. It was like forcing champagne and brandy on men who had always been content with beer. Straight talk from the spirit world often produced epilepsy among earth-dwellers. It was too much for them to have all at once. And then such a very little was enough to content them, and he would find it far more satisfactory to furnish them with a little-a mysterious and nicely stagemanaged little-than with a plain-spoken,

straight from the shoulder lot. To the wise, and he was now beginning to be wise, a hint is sufficient. Suppose, his wife being at her dressing table, he were to plant himself beneath and rap out a few words in the Morse code? Let him keep on with these rappings until she called in someone to interpret them for her.

He could not only comfort her about his death and reassure her as to his general whereabouts and activities, but he could have a lot of fun with her. There is no harm in having harmless fun with those you love. It is the fear of fun, the suspicion with which it is regarded, more than any one single thing that has given the man-pack such a miserable run for its money. By means of the Morse code, he could persuade her to buy a ouija board. He would love that, and so would she and the children.

But Derrick kept putting off his return to the earth.

IF a loving husband and father were turned loose in the finest jewelry store in the world and told to take his pick of the diamonds and rubies and pears, as many as he could carry, he would not at once rush off to tell his loved ones of the astounding privilege that had been extended to him. He would stick to the store. He would hang about it possibly for days, taking mental stock of all its precious contents. Blurring the tops of the glass show cases with his breath and staring till his eyes ached.

Derrick was in somewhat the same case. He had the impulse to rush off at once to his family to tell them of the extraordinary wisdom and mental equilibrium which were being lavished upon him; but he was restrained by the very natural wish to remain where he was until the last vestiges of earth-marks had been rubbed from him.

He had been a very decent man as men go; but the amazing sense of purity which now pervaded his being was new in his experience. It was not so much a smug consciousness and conceit in personal purity as a happy negation of all that is not directly of the spirit in its most calm and lucid moments.

Here nothing soiled, and nothing tired. An immense and delicious mental activity swept one past all the earthly halting places. There was no eating or drinking or love-making. There was no sleep-

ing, and the mere fact of existence among the lights and shadows and colors was more cleansing than the most refined species of Oriental bathing.

Life here was mental. Burning curiosities and instantaneous satisfactions thereof seemed at once the aim and the end of existence. And since there can be no limit to the number and extent of the spirit's curiosities, it was obvious that there could be no limit to existence itself. And Derrick together with those spirits which had passed into the Place at the same time with his own began to have a clear understanding of humanity.

Here, for instance, all that one learned about God was fact, but there was so much to learn that heaping fact on fact, with a speed unknown on earth—even in the heaping of falsehood upon falsehood—it would take from now until eternity to learn all about God. And this, of course, had to be the case. Since God is infinite, He can only be wholly revealed to those who, by pursuing knowledge to infinity, have acquired infinite knowledge.

THE man-mob conception of God seemed very absurd to him. For man had formed it in the days when he still believed the earth to be flat, and had subsequently seen no good reason or obligation to change it. The man-mob had never gone beyond the idea that God was a definite person whom certain things like praise and toadying were infinitely agreeable, and to whom certain other things like being happy and not very serious were as a red rag to a bull. This conception was the work of certain men who, the moment they had conceived a God in their own narrow and intolerant image, became themselves godlike. To men of that stamp simple and practical discoveries in geography, mechanics or ceramics would have been utterly out of the question. But the greatest discovery of all with its precise descriptions and limitations lay to their credit. And from that time to this no very great number of men had ever taken the trouble to gainsay them, or ever would.

"I never did, for one," thought Derrick, and he recalled with a smile the religious phases through which he had passed in his earth-life. As he remembered that he had once, for a short period of his childhood, believed in the fiery, old-fashioned Hell of the Puritans, the

smile broadened, and he burst into joyous and musical laughter.

#### III

THERE was one thing that he must be prepared to face. His wife and their three children would look just as they had looked when he last saw them, and as a matter of fact they would be just what they were; but to him, with all his new and accurate knowledge and his inconceivably clear vision, they would seem to have changed greatly.

He had always considered his wife an intelligent, well educated, even an advanced woman, and he had considered his children, especially the youngest, who was a girl, altogether brighter and more precocious than his neighbors' children. Well, along those lines he must be prepared for shocks and disillusionment.

It would not be possible, for instance, to sit down with his wife to a rational discussion of anything. She would seem like a moron to him; superstitious, backward, ignorant, and stubborn as a mule. He would find her erroneous beliefs and convictions hard to change. It would be the same with the children, but in less degree. The oldest was twelve, and his brain was still capable of a little development. He would have some inclination to listen to his father and to believe what his father told him. With Sammy, aged ten, and Ethel, aged eight, much might be done.

He would begin by asking these young hopefuls to forget everything that had been taught them, with the exception of that one startling fact, that the world is round. He would then proceed to feed their eager young earth-minds on as many simple and helpful truths as would be good for them, and he would show them, what was now so clear to him, how to find happiness on earth with a minimum of labor and worry.

A question carelessly thought and instantly answered caused him to return to earth sooner than he had intended. The answer to his question had been in the nature of a hard jolt. It had to do with sin

Sin, he learned, is not doing something which other people regard as sinful, but something which you yourself know to be sinful. Lying, theft, arson, murder bigamy may on occasion be acts of light, charity and commiseration, no matter how the man-mob may execrate, judge

and punish them. But the same things may be also the worst of crimes. And only the individual who commits them can possibly know. That individual doesn't even have to know. It is what he thinks that counts; not what he pretends to think, not what he swears in open court that he did think, but what, without self-deception, he actually did and does think.

And Derrick learned that if during his brief absence from them any of those earth-persons whom he loved so dearly had sinned, committed some act or other which they knew for themselves to be sinful, there would be an opaque veil which neither his eyes nor theirs could pierce, nor the words of their mouths.

But he was not greatly worried.

As men count time he had been absent from the earth and from his loved ones only for a very short time. They would still be in the depths of mourning for him. And even if they were evilly disposed persons, which they were not, they would hardly have had time to think of anything but their grief and their loss.

#### IV

As he left the Place of the wonderful lights and shades and colors and perfumes, he realized that he could not have been perfectly happy in it. He could not have been perfectly happy, because he now perceived that by the mere act of leaving it behind he had become still happier, and that perfect happiness could only be his when he reached "home" and beheld his loved ones.

When he had been taken from his home to the hospital the buds on the pear trees had been on the point of bursting. pear trees would be in full bloom now. When he had been taken away the shutters of the house had been taken from their hinges, painted a pleasant applegreen and stood in the old carriage house to dry. They would be back on their hinges now, vying in smartness with the two new coats of white paint which the painters had been spreading over the low, rambling house itself. How sweet the house would look among the fresh young greens of spring! Perhaps the peewees who came every year had already begun to build in the veranda eaves.

He had no more than time to think these things before he had come to the end of his journey.

Home had never looked so sweet or in-

viting. The garden was bounded on the south by a little brook; and beyond this was a little hill planted with kalmia and many species of native ferns.

It was on the top of this hill that he alighted, and here he paused for a while and filled his eyes with the humble beauty of the home which his earth-mind had

conceived and achieved.

From the hill he could see not only the house, but to the left the garage and beyond that the stable. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and it seemed queer to him that at that hour and at that season there should be no sign of life anywhere. Surely the gardener and his assistant ought to be at work. He turned a puzzled and indignant glance back upon the garden, and he observed a curious phenomenon.

A STRIP of soil in the upper left-hand corner of the garden was being turned and broken by a spade. Near-by a fork was taking manure from a wheelbarrow and spreading it over the roots of a hand-some crabapple.

Both the spade and the fork appeared to be performing these meritorious acts without the aid of any human agency.

And Derrick knew at once that Mc-Intyre, the gardener, and Chub, his assistant, must, since his departure, have sinned in their own eyes, so that they could now no longer show themselves to him, or he to them.

He started anxiously toward the house, but a familiar sound arrested him.

The blue roadster, hitting on all its cylinders, came slowly out of the garage and descended the hill and crossed the bridge and honked its horn for the mill corner and sped off along the county road toward Stamford all by itself.

There was nobody in the roadster. He could swear to that. And this meant, of course, that Britton, the chauffeur, had done something which he knew that he ought not to have done, and was forever separated from those who had gone beyond.

When Derrick reached the house he was in an exceedingly anxious state of mind. He stepped into the entrance hall and listened. And heard no sound. He passed rapidly through the master's rooms downstairs and upstairs. In the sewing-room a thread and needle was mending the heel of a silk stocking, but there did not seem to be anybody in the room.

He looked from the window and saw

two fishing-poles and a tin pail moving eagerly toward the river. The boys, perhaps. Oh, what could they have done to separate themselves from him? The window was open and he called and shouted, but the fishing-poles and the tin pail kept on going.

He went downstairs, through the dining-

room and into the pantry.

His heart stood still.

On tiptoe on the seat of a chair stood his little girl, Ethel. Her hair shone like spun gold. She looked like an angel. And his heart swelled with an exquisite bliss; but before he could speak to her and make himself known, she had reached down something from the next to the top shelf and put it in her mouth.

At that instant she vanished.

He lingered for a while about the house and gardens, but it was no use. He knew that. They had all sinned in some way or other, and therefore he was indeed dead to them, and they to him.

Back of the stables were woods. From these woods there came a sudden sound of barking. The sound was familiar to

Derrick, and thrilled him.

"If I can hear Scoop," he mought, "Scoop can hear me."

He whistled long and shrill.

Not long after a little black dog came running, his stomach to the ground, his floppy silk ears flying. With a sob Derrick knelt and took the dog in his arms.

"Oh, Mumsey!" called Ethel. "Do come and look at Scoopie. He's doing all his

tricks by himself."

The two looked from a window, and saw the little dog sit up and play dead and roll over — all very joyously — and jump as if through circled arms. Then they saw his tail droop and his head droop and his left hind leg begin to scratch furiously at his ribs. He always had to do that when anyone scratched his back in a particular spot.

W HEN Derrick returned to the Place of the wonderful lights and shadows he was very unhappy and he knew that he must always be unhappy.

"Instead of coming to this Place," he said to himself, "knowing what I know now, I might just as well have gone to

A voice, sardonic and on the verge of laughter, answered him.

"That's just what you did."

# "THE SWAN"

### A Pool of Comedy In Which Stars Twinkle

By FERENC MOLNAR

\* ERENC MOLNAR, the Hungarian dramatist, author of "Liliom," etc., with the aid of an all but flawless Charles Frohman company of actors, has again succeeded, despite the Volstead act, in intoxicating metropolitan critics and a democratic public with "The Swan." It is a comedy, in our opinion, that acts much better than it reads. Otherwise it would be difficult to agree with Alexander Woollcott, of the New York Herald, that it is "a silvery, delicately wrought, and utterly delightful play that has found in America the kind of performance which playwrights have in mind when they say their prayers at night."

Percy Hammond, in the *Tribune*, finds it "a highly decorative comedy in which Molnar makes merry with Ro-

mance as it used to be known to the royal families. While he employs much quiet derision in the process, he does not entirely dispel the purple mists; and so one gets a delightful blend of satire and sentiment - a love story told with a twinkle." To Burns Mantle, of the Daily News, it is "by far the best of the royal family romances since the Prisoner of Zenda was a curly-headed boy"; and Alan Dale, of the American, sympathizes with those who adore the more recent Mol-

nar and who "must be grieved, peeved and utterly miserable, because at last he has given us a play that is generally worth while." What, to John Corbin, of the Times, is unique in the play is "its literary art, the freshness and beauty of its characterizations, and the dramaturgic skill with which it is sustained on the level of high comedy and significant romance." Broun, in the World, gives it restrained applause as "a superb production, a good play and an excellent entertainment" in which "the idea is almost nothing and the treatment all-important."

The play deals with a near-royal family, somewhere in Middle Europe, the widowed head of which, Princess Beatrice (Hilda Spong) is ambitious

that her daughter Alexandra (Eva Le Gallienne) become the consort of Prince Albert (Philip Merivale), heir to a minor throne within hailing distance of the castle where the three acts of the play are located. A star-gazing tutor, Agi (Basil Rathbone), to a pair of princeling brothers of Alexandra is in love with the latter and he is "used" to quicken the sluggish matrimonial desire of Prince Albert for Alexandra. For a time it is a toss-up as to whether Agi or Albert will win,



THE CRITICS ARE A UNIT IN APPLAUDING
HIS NEW PRODUCTION "THE SWAN"
Ferenc Molnar, as author, shares honors with
Eva Le Gallienne, as star, in his comedy of
royal manners and idiosyncrasies.

in the short run, the hand, if not the heart, of Alexandra. It is hard to conceive of her really loving either one—the tutor-hero a rather tiresome-timorous lover, and Albert a sort of prince in name only. An outstanding characterization is that of Father Hyacinth (Halliwell Hobbes), brother of the Princesses Beatrice (Hilda Spong) and Symphorosa (Alice John), and uncle of Alexandra. He is the family moderator and is discovered to be such in the first act, during a conference with Beatrice regarding Albert, who is a guest at the castle, and Alexandra.

BEATRICE. I didn't wish to speak of it before her. The trouble is—nothing has happened. Albert told you how much in love he was—with us all.

HYACINTH. Yes.

BEATRICE. In love with us all—but not with Alexandra.

HYACINTH. What can you expect in three days?

BEATRICE. Not love, perhaps—but at least he might show some signs of interest in my daughter. He might make some advances. And there's nothing we haven't done. . . . It's enough to drive one to distraction.

HYACINTH. Beatrice, you are losing control of yourself.

BEATRICE. I know, but I can't help it. This is my last, my very last chance. And I will not lose it. I may have to perform a miracle, but I will succeed if it is the last thing I do. . . .

HYACINTH. Why take this so much to heart? After all, what must be, will be. And if you fail this time, you can try again.

BEATRICE. Why, pray? Albert is now thirty-five, and you can imagine how anxious his mother is to have him married. And do you think Alexandra will improve with age?

HYACINTH. How old is she? BEATRICE. She is twenty-odd. HYACINTH. Twenty what?

BEATRICE. Twenty-odd.

HYACINTH. That's an odd age.

BEATRICE. Say she is in her twenties. But she won't be that forever. She is bound to fade. And yet she must be beautiful. Oh, I know I shouldn't be talking in this way.

HYACINTH. You can't help it. You are

a devoted mother and you know that in our world it is the family and not the individual that matters. The happiest families of royalty are composed entirely of unhappy members. We have to reconcile ourselves to that fact, my dear, or else make up our minds to keep out of history.

Beatrice's sister, Symphorosa, enters and reports that Prince Albert is awake and has called for tea and cologne. Presently the Prince himself enters and is greeted with varying degrees of emotion by the family, including Alexandra. All the conversation is shaped to attract Albert and Alexandra to each other. The tutor, Agi, quite impresses the Prince with his "modesty and intelligence." But Alexandra is not so successful, apparently. Beatrice and Father Hyacinth are reviewing the situation, with their sister Symphorosa seated in the background.

BEATRICE. Well, in short, Albert must be made to respond to the woman in Alexandra—the rest will follow of itself. Alexandra is clever and—open to reason; and Albert told us he found the tutor charming.

HYACINTH. That is the interesting part. BEATRICE. (Very excited.) I know what you will say. But you can't stop me now.

HYACINTH. Yes, but what about the tutor?

BEATRICE. We—are going to invite him to the reception to-night. (Seated down R.) And Alexandra will—will notice him. Oh, I should never have dreamed of it if Albert himself had not suggested the idea. You remember how he praised the Professor? That was what gave me my inspiration. To think that I should be forced to employ such an outworn stratagem. The tutor and the Princess! So hackneyed—and still so effective. Because you see, a rival of his own rank wouldn't bother him in the least. But when his rival is a petty tutor, then he will realize the danger.

SYMPHOROSA. This is more than I can

BEATRICE. You must bear it. Alexandra will look at the tutor, and Alexandra will dance with the tutor. And God will forgive me, and God will forgive Alexandra—and I shall never forgive the tutor.

HYACINTH. And why not?
BEATRICE. Because I shall be indebted to him.

The scene of the second act is the banquet hall of the castle preparatory to the reception-supper in honor of Prince Albert, to which the tutor, Agi, has been bidden. Princess Alexandra, followed by Agi, has come from the

ballroom to inspect the table appointments. They are discussing the mystery and beauty of the stars and of the Unknown. She asks if he believes in miracles.

AGI. I must believe in them, Princess. What else could give one courage to endure my life?

ALEXANDRA. Is your life then so unendurable?

AGI. It would be

ALEXANDRA. If—?
AGI. If I did not have two lives.
There is the life you know. But I have another life, quite apart from that, a burning, inextinguishable life.

ALEXANDRA. Why have I never suspected that?

Agi. Because your Highness evidently believes in miracles, too. At least, you have been able to believe that the cold, impassive expression of my face was real, even when struck.

ALEXANDRA. You are struck—in the face? (Pause.)

Agi. Every day.

ALEXANDRA. By whom? (Agi does not answer.) Who strikes you in the face? Who? Do you mean I do? (Agi nods.)

ALEXANDRA. Without knowing it?

AGI. That is why it hurts so much.

ALEXANDRA. This is stranger than
your stars. You mean I hurt you?

Agi. Your Highness witnesses a mira-

cle every day. You see a young man whose face, whose voice, whose outward bearing all remain composed and expressionless, while in his heart there is a raging fire. And yet it never occurs to you to ask for the explanation of this miracle.

ALEXANDRA. The explanation?
AGI. Yes. Why do you think I bear all that I do? Why do I teach so humbly and silently submit to everything? Why do I allow my pride to be trampled upon?

Why am I here Why where I am? do I live as I have to live here? . . . For months you have been cold and reserved towards me. Your politeness was as false as your indifference was real. And now tonight-(Steps to her) this eveningyou suddenly begin to look at me as if I were a man. And you even speak with a little kindness.

ALEXANDRA. I said nothing that . . .

AGI. Perhaps. But everything you have said and done and looked has left me shaken and bewildered—and no longer able to subdue my feelings. When you were so far removed

from me, so hopelessly unattainable, then your remoteness gave you the beauty of the stars. And now that beauty is lost, because of this evening.

During the course of the supper the tutor is emboldened by a glass of wine to talk about himself and his aspirations. He speaks affectionately of his sister, continuing:

AGI. Yes, I love my sister, with all my heart. And in the darkest hours I think of her. Because she believes that I am not meant to be trampled upon, that it is wrong that I should be. For to her, I am a world in myself.

ALBERT. A world in yourself? AGI. Yes, your Highness.



Courtesy of Life
AS AN ARTIST, R. J. MALONE, VISUALIZES
EVA LE GALLIENNE STARRING IN "THE
SWAN"

ALEXANDRA. How very beautiful.
ALBERT. But a bit exaggerated, perhaps?

AGI. No, your Highness. I am an astronomer. And astronomy teaches you not to despise even the tiniest specks, for these minute specks in the sky are worlds in themselves.

ALBERT. All of them?

AGI. All of them.

ALBERT. And these little specks, are they aware of that?

Agi. Yes, I know that is something that you rulers of the earth can hardly appreciate. You speak of ten million inhabitants, an army of two millions, quite as if these millions were not all sovereign worlds—worlds that one may not destroy.

BEATRICE. But, Professor, no one here wants to destroy any of your worlds.

Agi. Women sometimes do it with a smile.

Prince Albert, who is not versed in astronomy, characterizes Agi's talk as a series of "pretty phrases."

AGI. Not phrases, your Highness.

ALBERT. Yes, phrases—pretty phrases to impress the ladies with. Every star a sovereign world!

AGI. Not every one, your Highness. ALBERT. No?

AGI. No! There is that great white moon up there. It seems very bright and shines with a rather imposing splendor; and yet it has no light of its own, it only reflects the sun's rays. But take Vega, now, the one you ridiculed so a little while ago. Well, that remote, barely discernible little star, for all its modesty, shines a thousand times more brightly than the sun.

Albert. How considerate of it to be so

Agi. It isn't modest—simply a great way off.

ALBERT. All the more reason for it to twinkle modestly.

AGI. It twinkles modestly only for you, your Highness. But for me who can appreciate it, it shows its true strength. And I take pride in proclaiming that it shines more brightly than the sun and that it shines with its own God-given radiance, your Highness. (Places his hand on his breast.) Its own!

ALBERT. (Smiling.) No doubt, Professor; but of course you know these are things I can't understand.

AGI. No, your Highness.

BEATRICE. (Aside to Symphoroso.) Oh, I can't bear this any longer.

ALBERT. Splendid! At last someone who dares to tell me there is something I don't understand.

AGI. Yes, your Highness, this is something you know nothing about.

ALBERT. For twenty years I have longed to be addressed in that tone. Let me tell you, that as an astronomer, and as a man, you have delighted me—and your manner is charming.

AGI. Whether or not I have delighted you, doesn't interest me.

ALBERT. And so frank. Charming!

Beatrice faints. There is general consternation. Beatrice is resuscitated and is escorted from the hall by Prince Albert, followed by all save Agi, and Father Hyacinth and Alexandra.

AGI. I couldn't stand it any longer, Father, I couldn't. God knows I meant to bear it in silence until to-morrow, but I am a man and in love, Father, and I didn't know what I was saying. I don't even know what I did, except that it was something unpardonable. But when I saw I was being used as a mop to clean the floor for someone else to walk over, then something inside me gave way, my blood began to boil, and when he ridiculed me in that cold, sarcastic way of his, my anger couldn't be held back; even now it is raging within me.

HYACINTH. Tell me, my boy, are you angry at me, too?

AGI. At you?

HYACINTH. Then don't shout at me. I can hear what you say and understand it, too.

AGI. I have reached the end—but I will not give my life away so cheaply again. (Raises his head.) Not even for this beautiful princess. Yesterday, this afternoon, I would have laid down my life for her handkerchief; but now that I have been wounded, my life seems dearer to me.

HYACINTH. What you have done. . . . AGI. Is done. And I'll face the consequences.

HYACINTH. I was sure you would say that.

AGI. I know. It was lese-majesty and worse. But I am ready to answer for it to anyone—the family, the prince, the

Colonel—with swords, cannons. But what I did I had to do, and now I must do more.

HYACINTH. More? AGI. Still more.

HYACINTH. And so this is our earnest, serious scholar. (To Alexandra.) Well, little one, what do you think of this? How do you like it?

ALEXANDRA. Come here.

HYACINTH. (Going to her, front of table.) Well?

ALEXANDRA. Sit here. (Makes room for him and he sits by her.)

HYACINTH. Well?

ALEXANDRA. Now ask me again do I like it.

HYACINTH. How do you like it?

ALEXANDRA. (Her head on his shoulder.) Hyacinth, I like it very much.

Presently Alexandra and the tutor are left by themselves and the latter declares his love, moving impetuously toward her.

ALEXANDRA. Don't come any nearer, Nicholas. This is the first time I have ever seen a man in love—and he happens to be in love with me.

AGI. Are you afraid of me? (Takes her hand.)

ALEXANDEA. Frightfully—at the thought of your being so close to me. How cold your hand is!

AGI. And yours is warm. What do you feel that makes it tremble so in mine? ALEXANDRA. Something that burns

and— Agi. And—?

ALEXANDRA: And my rank. Why can't I forget that? How odd that I should speak of it. (Pauses, turning her back to him.) Do you know what I would like to do? I would like to give you something to eat. I would like to do something to make you happy. Supposing I tell you that I adore Napoleon?

AGI. (Smiling sadly.) Adore him? Adore is too much.

ALEXANDRA. What shall I do with him, then? Tell me and I will do it always. Now, you are laughing at me.

AGI. I laugh very sadly, Princess.

ALEXANDRA. Why is it I feel as if I wanted to do something I shouldn't—something wicked? Suppose I tell you all our family secrets. Did you know that we once had an actress in our family? But that's nothing; it must be worse than that.

Agi. It will be dawn soon; the time goes very quickly.

ALEXANDRA. (Nervous.) Now, he is hurrying me. Oh, what is there I can do for you? Tell me, would you like to call me Zara?

AGI. Your Highness-

ALEXANDRA. No? Did you know that the blood of the Bourbons runs in my veins?

AGI. I knew it, Princess.

ALEXANDRA. And yet— (Looks at the table.) Will you have something to eat?

AGI. No.

ALEXANDRA. Why not?

AGI. I am not hungry; I am thirsty.
ALEXANDRA. Do you want some wine?
AGI. No, it is you, your mouth, your
eyes, your throat that I am thirsty for.

ALEXANDRA. Must you look at me like that, when I only want to be kind to you?

AGI. It is not kindness I want, no, not that. To look into your eyes, deep into your eyes, and then to see them close

ALEXANDRA. What do you mean?

AGI. And then to go on and on—never to stop—on the way which you have shown me.

ALEXANDRA. Which I have shown you? AGI. Yes—without knowing it. In my cowardice, this evening, I did not dare to think I could be the rival of a king, but I know now that I am; and I know, too, that I am the victor. Before, I had no voice, but now I can sing aloud—for I am young, Princess, and a man, a man triumphant over all. And now—

ALEXANDRA. And now?

AGI. And now for the morning. (Taking her hand.) Now we shall see who is king—he or I?

The time of the third act is early the next morning and the place is the drawing-room in the suite reserved for Princess Dominica, Albert's mother, in the castle. Beatrice tells her sister, Symphorosa, that "Dominica is coming to ask Alexandra's hand for her son and I am waiting for her with tears in my eyes." She proves to be correct, for hardly have greetings been exchanged when the august Dominica announces: "Beatrice, my son wishes to marry your daughter."

BEATRICE. Dominica!
DOMINICA. Beatrice! (They kiss each

other and sit down. Beatrice cries.) Why do you weep? Is it as sad as that? BEATRICE. I am so overwhelmed.

DOMINICA. Then collect yourself. You must sooner or later make up your mind to it. His Majesty is more than pleased to approve the marriage. And I had a long wire from Albert yesterday, explaining that he did not dare to show how delighted he was with Alexandra until I came. You know he never commits himself without first consulting me.

BEATRICE. He is such a perfect son. DOMINICA. Happy the people with such a king! Albert wrote that he was beginning to find his enforced silence very irksome and he begged me to come at once so that he could tell you how delighted he was and how happy he could be with her. (They clasp hands.)

BEATRICE. Oh, Dominica!
DOMINICA. I am not surprised. Your daughter is truly beyond criticism-beautiful, intelligent and dignified. what I like about her-her dignity, her magnificent reserve.

BEATRICE. How sweet of you to say

that.

DOMINICA. I mean it. I do not at all approve of the modern tendency toward freedom of manner, so noticeable in the younger generation. Fortunately there is not even a suggestion of it in Alexandra; one could not ask for more perfect stateliness, and aloofness. In fact, she is, if anything, a little too aloof-a little unnecessarily cold with her inferiors.

BEATRICE. Cold? You could hardly

say that.

DOMINICA. But I told you that that was what I particularly admired in her. BEATRICE. She has changed lately. She treats her inferiors almost warmly now.

DOMINICA. And so my husband's dream is fulfilled. For this marriage, you know-

BEATRICE. -was his one thought in life.

DOMINICA. And I am happy to say that whatever obstacles there were to the marriage have been removed. Albert is free to follow the dictates of his heart. (Sighs.)

BEATRICE. Now you are sighing.

DOMINICA. I know. I was merely thinking that the fact that Albert should have to marry for love is very little to the credit of my diplomats. Their incompetency forced my son to rely on his own heart.

They exit. Alexandra enters and presently is joined by Agi, who is dressed for traveling and explains that he is preparing to leave the castle. He is aware that the mother of Prince Albert has arrived.

ALEXANDRA. I have not yet spoken with the Princess, nor seen her; but I shall in a few minutes. Then she will tell me why she has come.

AGI. Yes, your Highness.

ALEXANDRA. Is that all you have to

AGI. That is all.

ALEXANDRA. Why must you speak so coldly now?

To express my very deep respect. ALEXANDRA. Have you forgotten what happened-last night?

AGI. I have forgotten.

ALEXANDRA. Even when I-kissed you. AGI. Even that. I must forget, and your Highness must deny it, and he-he must not have seen it.

ALEXANDRA. I will not deny it, and he did see it. It seems to me you took a very precious gift from me-more precious than you deserve-perhaps a kingdom.

AGI. That is not so much. There was one offered once in exchange for a horse. ALEXANDRA. Do you want to insult me? You are behaving like a sulky child.

AGI. No, your Highness. My action, my speech, my departure to-day-they are simply my answer to your Highness's kiss. ALEXANDRA. (Turns away.) I didn't

ask you to use that word.

giving?

AGI. What harm to name it? When the receiving was so much more painful? ALEXANDRA. More painful than the

Much more— Because I felt all the pity in it and the contempt. It was a little too condescending. It meant that I was not a man, but a child or a dog that you could pat on the head.

ALEXANDRA. Was that how you took

AGI. If I could have taken it in any other way.

ALEXANDRA. Then -?

AGI. I would have returned it.

ALEXANDRA. In other words, it was a very stupid thing that I did.

AGI. It was a little too much, your Highness, too sudden.

ALEXANDRA. Too sudden?

AGI. We had not gone that far. But you did kiss me, and so I went out into the cool morning air, after the kiss. I went out through the park where the wind could clear my head. I walked about there, not near the roses, but under the oaks where the air is fresh and not heavy with fragrance. There my heart became quiet, and I could think once more. Then I felt very much like a beggar who has had a thousand-crown note cast into his hat and is half inclined to run after his benefactor for fear it was a mistake, that it was too much.

Father Hyacinth, entering, is informed by Agi that he has just taken leave of the Princess Beatrice and is on the point of departure from the castle.

HYACINTH. How strange.
ALEXANDRA. Cold and defiant, as if I had sent him away.

HYACINTH. Now, isn't that remarkable? (Turning to her.) You did send him away, my child, by hurting his pride and his self-respect with that condescending little kiss. That's it, isn't it, my son? AGI. Yes, Father.

It is a foregone conclusion that Alexandra is to marry Prince Albert, and at the curtain the Princess Dominica, kissing Alexandra, bids her "remember hereafter that your dear father used to call you his swan. Never forget that—and think always of what it means to be a swan. You may glide proudly, superbly over the smooth surface of the lake—but you must never approach the shore. For when the swan tries to walk, when it waddles up the bank, then it painfully resembles another bird... a goose."

# VOCAL ARTISTS BECOMING SCARCE AS DODO BIRDS

J. HENDERSON, a recognized authority on music and musicians, laments what he declares to be the fact that there are almost no thoroughly trained singers in America or Europe or anywhere today. There are, he particularizes, in the New York Herald, "no master singers arising in Italy; none in Germany. And if you ask any of the old artists what is the matter, they will tell you that the young people will not study long enough to learn their art."

Why? Mr. Henderson asks, and answers:

"Because they are in a hurry to appear on the stage and earn money. Not only they, but those who are behind them. When a poor student (and whoever heard of one that was not poor?) finds patrons to pay the cost of training, those same patrons do not possess their souls in patience, but in the course of a year or two begin to ask the teacher when the pupil is going to begin to earn some money. What is the use of singers like Lilli Lehmann telling us that a pupil should study from six to eight years before attempting to conquer the public? . . .

"The truth is that it is not necessary to study six or eight years. It is almost unnecessary at this day to study at all. Opera houses and concert halls are thronged with singers who do not know how to sing, who shriek and bawl and make all sorts of discordant brays like bad trumpets. And some of them are idols of the public.

"Again why? Because that is the kind of thing to which the public has been educated for some years. The commercialization of the art of singing has nearly accomplished its object. To make loud sounds with the voice has become almost enough to insure a so-called singer a living

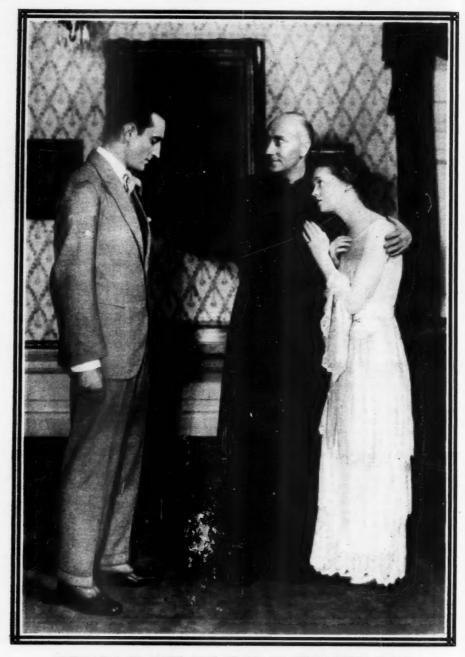
"It is just because of this state of vocal art that chroniclers of musical doings publish so many words about the singing of good singers. There is a great deal of loose and illogical chatter about constructive criticism. The reporters are charged with furnishing only destructive criticism. Well, a lodge in a forest cannot be built without cutting away the underbrush and pulling up the rank weeds. So when the chroniclers insist on pointing out what is bad it is that they may the more clearly show what is good."

(Continued on page 73)

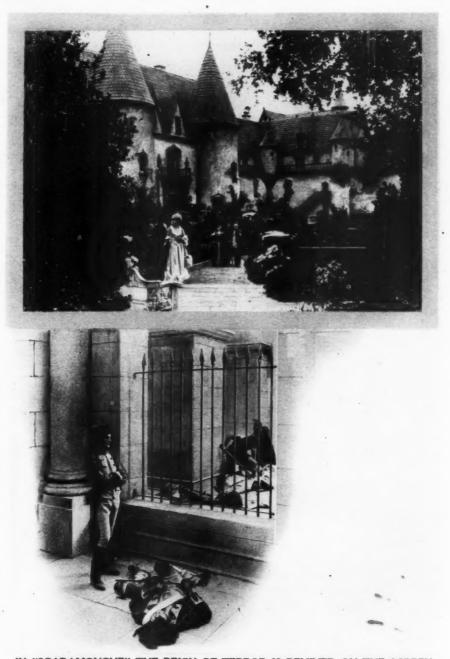


DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN MOLNAR'S ROMANTIC COMEDY "THE SWAN"

Dr. Agi (Basil Rathbone), a tutor, and Prince Albert (Philip Merivale) are odd rivals for the hand and heart of Princess Alexandra (Eva Le Gallienne).



THEY HELP TO MAKE "THE SWAN" AN "ENCHANTING PLAY" Its author, Ferenc Molnar, owes a debt of gratitude to Eva Le Gallienne (Alexandra)
Halliwell Hobbes (Father Hyacinth) and Dr. Nicholas Agi (Basil Rathbone).



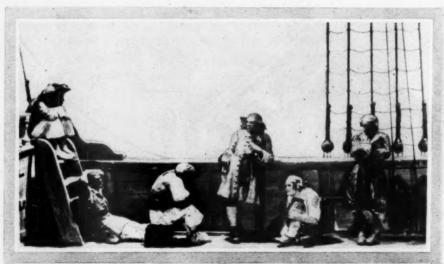
IN "SCARAMOUCHE" THE REIGN OF TERROR IS REVIVED ON THE SCREEN Sabatini's famous novel, in a Metro picture of Rex Ingram production, is a movie vehicle for Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro, as stars, not to overlook Slavko Vorkapitch, as Napoleon.



Prince Youssoupoff, a slayer of Rasputin, of unsavory memory, is in America bent on redeeming from J. E. Widener, to whom they were pledged two years ago, the famous canvases "A Portrait of a Man" and "A Portrait of a Woman." THESE \$500,000 REMBRANDTS ARE BESOUGHT BY A ROMANTIC RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN



NEW WINNERS OF THE ALTMAN PRIZES AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY
These two paintings, "Elizabeth Betts of Wortham," by Louis Betts, and "The Recessional," by Eugene Savage, were awarded, respectively, the first and second Altman prizes at the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York.

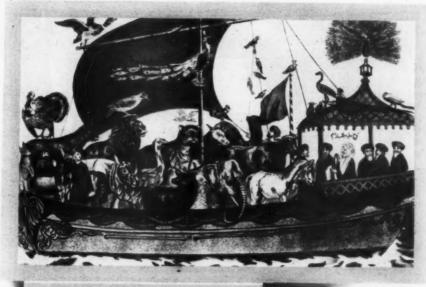






STEVENSON LIVES AGAIN IN DWIGHT FRANKLIN'S ART

The veritable spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson is embodied in this reconstruction of "The Deck of the Hispaniola" and in the portrait-figures of "R. L. S." at Saranac and as a pirate. See article on Dwight Franklin, page 50.





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CONTRASTING IDEAS IN PICTORIAL ART

A quaint Mohammedan depiction of Noah (veiled) on his Ark; and (below) Ravensteyn's masterpiece "Portrait of a Gentleman," which a sentimental advertising man spent 30 years and \$60,000 in finding for the Metropolitan Museum.





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GOBELIN TAPESTRIES STOLEN AT VERSAILLES ARE RECOVERED

Above is "The Entrance of Louis XIV. into Dunkirk," slashed by the thief but marvelously mended. Below "The Siege of Douai in 1667." Valued at \$130,000.

(Continued from page 64)

The singer who prostitutes his or her art in catering to public taste is declared by this critic to be guilty of criminality toward his or her obligations as an artist. Furthermore, "if the public taste is debased it is bad art that has debased it. It is in the power of artists to teach the public what is beautiful. It is not in the power of any one else. All the writers in the world writing at once on the subject of musical discrimination could not accomplish as much as four great singers cooperating in one company for a season."

It is objected that "students of singing in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred are not actuated by a desire to become incomparable artists, but to earn large sums of money. The persistent publication of stories about the earnings of celebrated singers aggravates this desire. It also tends to bring into contempt admirable artistic achievements by persons singing small parts and therefore obviously receiving minor salaries."

Lamenting the ignorance of those singers who speed through a year or two of half-assimilated lessons and then plunge boldly into a public career, the writer wonders what would happen to the violinist or the pianist who tried such a short cut to fame. But "pianists and violinists have to know how to play upon their instruments. Singers do not."

## YES, THERE IS NO ART IN THE MOVIES?

T has become an annual custom, at this season, to ask an accounting of the movies and to hear critics in chorus denounce them in general, even while praising them in particular. Reviewing thirty years of effort on the part of motion-picture producers, an English essayist attempts to say-and his answer is thoughtful enough to bear the weight of discussion-that between Charlie Chaplin and the big panorama films such as "The Birth of a Nation," the great mass of pictures are simply "dope," an anodyne whose effect is the "opposite of art's stimulating effect, something which rather induces a sort of stupor, reducing the mental processes, muting the emotions, canceling the moral impulses, and leaving only the senses working."

No question is raised about Chaplin's achievement, but Samuel Straus, in *The Villager* (Katonah, N. Y.), takes exception to the statement that Chaplin is the "one artist" thus far produced by the cinema. In other words:

"The movies can take no credit to themselves, for Chaplin has by their aid developed no peculiar art, but only an old and dear art; Chaplin is one more in the world's roster of famous clowns; the principles of the clown's art in old China, of the funny man's art in ancient Greece, are the principles of Chaplin's art in twentieth-century America; Chaplin has a new device for clowning, but the clowning itself is fundamentally the same, the appeal to the spectator is the same, the effect on him is the same; one could reasonably ask, 'Is Chaplin as good as Debureau was?' for the fact that one acted on the stage and the other on the screen does not make their funniness of different kinds."

This critic observes in the motionpicture record the fact that successful films of the spectacular or epic type all lean heavily on history and locality; that they have tended to be pictures of people rather than of characters, of places and periods rather than of plots, and that this tendency grows more, not less.

"On the stage 'The Two Orphans' was a story, the work of imagination, art, while on the screen it was scenes from the French Revolution; people went to 'Way Down East' in the nineteenth century to cry over a young mother's woes, but they went to 'Way Down East' in the twentieth century to see old New England farm life or a terrible storm;

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'Passion' was not passion at all, but, after the appeal to the senses, the 'dope' appeal, it was Du Barry and the naughty royalty of old France. In other words, it seems as if the pleasure which the most pleasurable of the moving pictures gives is not at all the sort of pleasure which a novelist or dramatist or poet gives; it seems more nearly akin to the very different pleasure which comes from reading biography, or taking the sight-seeing auto, or going to a travel lecture. We read 'Ramona' for the story, and the warm descriptions of the country are a delightful extra, but when we come back from seeing 'Ramona' at the moving-picture house, either we say that the picture gives 'a very good idea of life in southern California at that time,' or else that it is a beautiful picture, and by this latter we mean that we enjoyed it in just the way we would have enjoyed motoring through beautiful California. When the novelreader says 'Ramona' is a beautiful story, he means another kind of beauty."

Quantities of discerning people like the moving picture just for the sight-seeing it offers, for the waving trees, the hills and rivers, the quaint villages in odd corners of the world, the crowds of people, the galloping horses, strange customs, and all such. No one can quarrel with them; their pleasure is a sound pleasure, as healthy as any tourist's or any tramp's pleasure. The pleasure of the other people, however, those who are pleased because they have secured an idea of life in southern California or in ancient Egypt or in Merrie England, is more dubious.

It is pleasure, however, and the sight-seeing is pleasure and the "dope" sensation is pleasure. But "none is the kind of pleasure the theater gives. The moving picture may have a future, but it is no future in the theater; the moving-picture 'art' is not art but something else."

## "HASSAN" THRILLS LONDON, EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK AND POINTS WEST

OMETHING of a furor has been created in London by "Hassan," a posthumous play, in point of production, by the poet James Elroy Flecker, who died two years ago, at the age of thirty-one, in despair that it would ever reach the stage. Here is a curious example of dramatic irony. A play, which promises to repeat in America the sensational success it is enjoying in England, was first placed in the hands of the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, rejected or delayed because of the fact that Hassan was not a part suited to the actor-manager, and then passed on to Basil Dean, who carried it around with him for a number of years prior to its production. The results, writes John Mason Brown to the Boston Transcript, have been threefold. First, "a play of gorgeous diction and of literary importance has been kept from its proper public." Second, "Kismet," "Chu Chin Chow" and "Mecca" have all enjoyed long runs because they were first in the field with

the idea of picaresque spectacles of Oriental life. Thirdly, "an author who has written one of the most haunting of verse plays, though the lines very frequently are cast in prose form, has been allowed to die without seeing his play presented, without sharing in the triumphs that have followed the tardy presentation."

Clement K. Shorter asserts in the London Sphere, that this play, first published in 1922 by Heinemann, although it had been issued in the German language nearly ten years before, is "certainly a very fine example of poetic drama, very much more distinguished than the two dramas by Stephen Phillips which appeared at the same theater, His Majesty's, under Sir Herbert Tree's management."

In his play, James Elroy Flecker tells the story of the Arabian Confectioner, Hassan; how he loved the treacherous Yasmin; how he was thwarted in his love by the wily Selim; how, fallen in the shadow of the fountain under Yas-

min's window, overcome with grief, new and strange things happened to him. This is the machinery that starts the drama. The Caliph, attended by Ishak, his minstrel, Jafar, his Vizier, and Masrur, his Executioner, chance to pass by. The Caliph is for entering the house before him to seek diversion. He is warned by a voice from within that if he is a rich man of Bagdad danger will fall his way. But the Caliph and his attendants are disguised, and the Caliph is anxious for another adventure. A basket is lowered, for the house of mystery has no doors; and the Caliph, Jafar and Masrur are lifted to the window above. The time comes for Ishak to follow, but he is tired of having to fawn perpetu-He sees Hassan, and slips his body into the basket.

The Caliph has intruded in the house of Rafi, King of the Beggars. Rafi, unaware of their identity, explains to his guests that he is anxious to kill the Caliph, who has stolen Pervaneh, his love, from him, and made a slave of her. Masrur, Jafar and the Caliph, tormented by Rafi's insolence, protest at Rafi's imprecations. But they find themselves, accompanied by Hassan, clad in fine raiment furnished by Rafi, imprisoned within steel walls that have fallen from nowhere. Hassan, as a means of escape, suggests that a paper, stating their plight, be dropped through a crack under the steel walls. The Caliph admires his ingenuity, and Jafar writes. The paper falls into the hands of a beggar who gives it to the police, who in turn rescue the Caliph The Caliph is so and his friends. pleased with Hassan that he takes him as his friend to the palace, much to the rage of the deceived Yasmin, and gives him a little cottage. There Yasmin manages to gain admittance, and there Hassan is overcome by her beauty.

The trial of Rafi, the rebellious Beggar King, follows. He insults the Caliph, until the Caliph produces Pervaneh. Then he gives the lovers their choice. Either they can both live, Pervaneh, as one of the Caliph's harem,



Courtesy London Sketch
"BE ADVISED, O HASSAN; GO AND SEEK
THE ENCHANTED EGG," YASMIN AND SELIM
MOCK HASSAN FROM THEIR BALCONY

"Hassan, and How he Came to Make the Golden Journey to Samarkand," the remarkable play by the late James Elroy Flecker, which will soon be produced in America following its sensational success in London.

and Rafi as an exile, or they may live in love for one undisturbed day and then die by horrible tortures. They choose death. Hassan boldly begs for their lives, and so irritates the Caliph that he commands Hassan to be dismissed from the palace, though he may furnish its confections in the future, once the sentence of execution has been carried out before his eyes and in his cottage. This done, Hassan, with Ishak, who is tired of the treacherous Caliph, plans to take the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

# WHY AND HOW THE MONK RASPUTIN WAS MURDERERED

PRINCE FELIX YOUSSOUPOFF, who, with his wife, the Russian Princess Irene, niece of the late Czar, is in America for the purpose of negotiating for the redemption of two Rembrandt paintings (see page 68) pledged by him to Joseph E. Widener, of Philadelphia, two years ago, pub-

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RASPUTIN'S SLAYER?—PRINCE FELIX
YOUSSOUPOFF

In America to redeem ancestral Rembrandts pledged to Joseph E. Widener of Philadelphia for a loan of half a million dollars.

licly confesses to have had a hand in the slaying of the peasant-monk Rasputin who "brought ruin to Russia, together with its emperor and dynasty." Prince Youssoupoff opines that "the extermination of such a monster should not be considered as an ordinary crime," and that "its authors should not be placed in the same category with vulgar assassins."

Such evidently is the view taken by the State Department, the Prince being permitted to land upon an old Czarist diplomatic passport and take up his residence with friends in New Prince Youssoupoff is "at a total loss to understand how those who. before the death of Rasputin, taking full count of the terrors of such a desperate situation, desiring ardently his disappearance, and who, after his end, felt themselves delivered from his evil power, believed in the possibility of saving Russia-how these same persons who did not hold themselves back from the details of the murder have at present forgotten everything, and, thanks to an unhappy sequence of circumstances, only recall the criminal side of this patriotic act, which rid my country of its evil genius. To a great extent we opened up to responsible people the possibility of saving Russia. Why did they not profit by the occasion? In the interest of justice, one must admit that the responsibility which fell on the shoulders of these people was not inferior to the part we played. Indeed, if he had not been killed a crime would have been committed."

Prince Youssoupoff, who is young enough to have been a schoolmate of the present Prince of Wales at Eton and Oxford, whence he was graduated. with the American blood of one Colonel Felix Elston, of Philadelphia, in his veins (Elston having been brought to Russia by Peter the Great and showered with honors), would never have disclosed his part in the Rasputin proceedings had it not been that the diary of one of his fellow conspirators was recently published by a Paris newspaper. This co-plotter, Pourichevitch by name, was a Monarchist Deputy to the Duma, or Russian Parliament, and he gives a circumstantial and sufficiently dramatic account of the killing.

"Prince Youssoupoff went to Rasputin's apartment and invited the monk to dine with him at his palace. Meanwhile, the Deputy, with the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, an unnamed lieutenant and Dr. Lasavert, hid upstairs in the palace. Youssoupoff and Rasputin sat down to dinner in a room on the ground floor, opening off a garden. Both the food and wine had been heavily dosed with cyanide of potassium.

"Finally the Prince went upstairs to the other conspirators, telling them that, although Rasputin has eaten several of the poisoned dishes and had swallowed two glasses of the poisoned wine, he showed no effects of the poison. Youssoupoff also told his friends that he feared the monk's suspicions had been aroused, and asked for advice as to what should

be done.

"The conspirators then decided that the Prince should shoot the monk as he sat at table. Five minutes after Youssoupoff

returned to the banquet hall the second time his friends upstairs heard a muffled report, followed by groans and the sound of a falling body. Rushing to the scene, they found Rasputin lying at the foot of a settee. He seemed to be dying. Youssoupoff sent his friends away, saying that he would complete the work. They had hardly reached the staircase, however, when, according to this version, Youssoupoff cried: 'Pourichevitch, shoot. He is alive and is running away.' Looking down the stairs they saw Rasputin, apparently uninjured, making his way through the door leading to the courtyard."

Pourichevitch then says that he completed the job. They loaded the body into an automobile and carried it down to the Neva River, which was frozen over, the date being December 23, 1916. chopped a hole in the ice and dropped Rasputin's mortal remains through it.

## ADVENTURES AMONG THE HEAD HUNTERS OF NEW GUINEA

APTAIN FRANK HURLEY, an intrepid Australian explorer and cinematographer, has returned to civilization from Lake Murray in the heart of the head-hunter country in British New Guinea, with specimens, photographs and stories that generate cold shivers. His specimens go to the Australian Museum Two of his photographs are reproduced on page 43, and below is summarized an exciting chapter of his story from the New York Times.

Reference to the accompanying map will show the route Captain Hurley took to reach Lake Murray in his little ketch or schooner, gasoline-propellea. Up from the Gulf of Papua they went by the Fly River to its junction with the Strickland River, and up the Strick land to Lake Murray, an enormous inland sea surrounded by equatorial jungle. No white man had been there before, and no engine-driven vessel. At their approach the natives deserted their villages and melted away into the

jungle leaving their stored trophies of the chase-preserved smoked human



THE SCENE OF CAPTAIN HURLEY'S ADVENTURES

Through the rivers and streams of tropical New Guinea indicated on the above map Captain Frank Hurley, explorer and cinematographer, penetrated to Lake Murray an inland sea where head-hunters make their headquarters Captain Hurley was the first white man, and his small, gas-epgined aloop the first vessel to find its way into this untouched wilderness full of ferocious natives.

heads with pebbles inserted in the skulls to make a rattle—for the invaders to carry away at their pleasure.

At last, however, they arrived suddenly at a village whence the people were in the act of fleeing. In the Eureka, their ketch, they gave chase. All the canoes escaped save one which was towing a second canoe loaded with bows and arrows and other valuables too precious to be left behind. Eventually tug and tow were overhauled. They paddled frantically, but "the terrifying spectacle of the Eureka bearing down upon them was too much." So at length they slipped the tow line and darted away up a shallow reach to safety where they stopped and peered through the grasses at their pursuers.

"We dropped anchor and confiscated the prize, while I climbed aloft into the rigging with an imposing pennant of red calico and waved it to raucous choruses of 'Sambio, Sambio!' For a long time we listened while the fugitives debated. At last, to our satisfaction, there were responsive cries of 'Sambio! Ku Ku Sam-The whole lake echoed and reechoed 'Sambio! Ku Ku Sambio!' Then figures in a long canoe approached very warily, not knowing our intentions, but relying solely upon the honoring of the peace word 'Sambio.' Perhaps they were just as eager to ascertain what nature of creatures we might be as we were eager to see them.

"To our intense surprise we observed that they were of a Semitic cast of countenance. Save for their dark bronze skins and savage adornments, we might have discovered one of the lost tribes of Israel. The typical nose, piercing eyes and knowing expressions were apparent in every feature. What mystery and romance might enshroud these strange people! How came they here to dwell amid the remote seclusion of this inland sea?

"They were of medium stature, of unusually powerful physique and spoke with pleasantly euphonious voices. Their weapons were huge bows and arrows, the bows seven and one-half feet long. I found it almost impossible to draw them. Their faces suggested great shrewdness, which, indeed, displayed itself in our trading relations with them. We were extremely desirous of obtaining their weapons and

other articles of scientific interest, and they did not fail to take advantage of our desire. They always endeavored to beat up the price, which caused us much merriment, as our currency was the empty food tins we had saved for the purpose.

"These people had never seen metal before. They bit it, bent it, admired themselves in the polished tin, and when we showed them that a fire might be placed beneath it without doing it harm, and that the empties could be used for cooking utensils, great was their eagerness to possess. Their primitive culinary utensils were of leaves of bamboo. Their knives were of bamboo and their axes of stone. Now they had iron and steel—metal—the metal that has developed our present-day civilization from the crude stone age in which these people still exist."

Having established friendly relations, there was no alternative to the explorer being entertained by the village. With another white man and four native guardsmen, armed with Savage rifles, Captain Hurley was rowed ashore amid wildest excitement. A hundred warriors sang in chorus to the accompaniment of drum beating, interspersing their song with repeated "Sambios" to reassure the landing party.

"Our rifles were ready cocked, but we would have had a fleeting hope of escape had an attack been made at short range. The great 'Ham,' chief of the tribe, crowned me with his headdress of paradise plumes, but intuitively we felt that our temerity had landed us in a death trap. I noticed that in groups of twos and threes the warriors were collecting their bows and arrows from the concealment of the short grass and were moving off to the jungle. Further, there were neither women nor children about, which is ever of ominous significance.

"Soon only the chief and our small party were left. I gathered from signs that the chief had disbanded the tribe so as not to occasion us alarm. This at once suggested treachery. As we walked up the narrow path to the house I allowed 'Chief Ham' to precede us, for should there be any hidden pits he would surely betray them. I noticed that in the short grass large numbers of arrows had been placed obliquely, the shafts pushed into

the ground and the points directed toward the house, the intention being that, while we could walk to the house without harm, should we be compelled to rush back to escape we must be impaled upon the arrows.

"I informed my followers to keep to the track should flight become necessary. At last we stood on the threshold of the great house and in the very shadow of its sinister portal. We peered inside and found it in most respects similar to houses we had already entered. I had a great inclination to go in, but the very atmosphere seemed alive with treachery and danger. The old chief by every ruse endeavored to induce us to follow him; the more he did so, the more I concluded that they had intended to lure us into the dark of the house, where warriors would rush from concealment and massacre us.

"When the chief found we would not enter, he hurled back in angry petulance the words 'Sambio! Sambio!' with the accomplished sneer and poise of a screen actor. I felt the old man was becoming overheated and the position altogether too warm. Accordingly, I gave orders to retire. This we did by backing away, always presenting our rifles at the ready and keeping our faces toward the danger. Scarcely had we gone half-way when Captain Bell called from the mast that he had seen bowmen concentrating along the jungle front. Almost instantly my friend 'Ham' yelled out and the bowmen began the attack.

"There was only one thing to do, and that was to dash for our lives and hope that the shooting would be erratic and the range too great. The arrows fell close, but we reached the passage through the



© International EXPLORER AND AVIATOR, AND OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE ANZACS DURING THE WORLD WAR

Captain Frank Hurley, just back from two years amongst the head-hunting savages of New Guinea. The trophy he holds is an Australian bushman's boomerang.

reeds, while Bell and his guard fired volleys over the concealed bowmen and deterred them from rushing to the attack. We jumped into the dinghy and rowed for dear life to the vessel."

# MME. KEMAL TELLS OF HER ROMANTIC MARRIAGE TO THE TURKISH PRESIDENT

HEN Mustapha Kemal marched into Smyrna at the head of his victorious troops after chasing the Greeks half-way across Asia Minor, a band of young girls, Turkish girls, came to meet their "liberators" with cakes and coffee for the refreshment of the general staff. At their head was Latifa Hanum, a modernist, unveiled, short of stature, of graceful bearing,

looking straight ahead with a pair of disarming black eyes, which accomplished what the whole Greek army could not—the subjugation of the Turkish Commander-in-Chief.

In the New York *Tribune* appears her own story of her romantic marriage to Kemal Pasha, now President of the Turkish Republic. It is sponsored by the World Wide News Service,



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FIRST AND SECOND LADIES OF TURKEY
Latifa Hanum, President Kemal's wife, standing;
and Galiba Hanum, a noted Turkish authoress,
seated, the wife of Feti Bey, ex-premier, and present
president of the Turkish National Assembly.

and in it Mme. Kemal, who was educated in Europe and appears to have imbibed western—even American—ideas of enterprise and "go-getting," naively confesses that she never dreamt of gaining a husband so quickly in return for the hospitality shown to the Kemalists. In fact:

"The other girls who had accompanied me to meet the conquering heroes had a vague fear of being scolded for having rushed out without their veils. On the contrary, both Mustapha Pasha and his staff officers were very much pleased with us. There was more than one romantic marriage soon after the arrival of the Nationalist army. Emboldened by the reception we received from Kemal Pasha, I offered him our house for his headquarters. My offer was received with appreciation, and I accompanied the whole general staff to our house, where my father met them in amazement.

"That evening we were alone, and we talked a great deal—not sentimental talk, but about the future of our country. These conversations continued for four days, and on the fifth evening I was sur-

prised when our great general told me in a very matter-of-fact way that, having a western education, he thought I would make a fitting partner for him, and before I realized what I was doing I had accepted the offer in a real unsentimental, matter-of-fact spirit. But there was nothing said about when the marriage was to take place. I didn't expect it for years.

"One day my father gave a reception to forty or fifty friends in celebration of Smyrna's recapture by our armies. I had no intimation that my future husband would take advantage of this occasion and turn it into a wedding party. The visitors had all come, and I was administering the preparation of food in the kitchen when Kemal Pasha came to the door and motioned me to come to him. With a smile on his lips he asked me if I would object to utilizing this occasion for the wedding. I asked him if he had spoken to my father. He said, "We will." Then he sent for my father, who, on being told of the plans, said smilingly that if it was agreeable to us both it would be agreeable to him. You can imagine my excitement and embarrassment. I rushed into the kitchen and told the servants.

"I had only half an hour in which to prepare for the wedding ceremony. I was perhaps the first Turkish girl who was wedded to her future husband in his presence. One of the visitors was a registrar, and he performed the ceremony. It was a true western wedding, and I now realize why my husband wished to have it done that way. He himself wanted to set the example to the rest of cur countrymen. It is true that since our innovation many of my young countrymen have married in western fashion. course, it will take years to break down the prejudices of centuries, but we are progressing rapidly, and before many years the hand of the past will cease to rule us any longer.

"It was nothing new for the women of Turkey to discard the heavy veil, especially in Smyrna, Constantinople and in cities of European Turkey. My husband is fully determined that Turkish women must never again hide their faces, and the women of Turkey are with him. Some of the men may object to the women showing their faces, but it matters little what these men like or dislike. We have espoused the cause of freedom, and no nation can claim freedom while enslaving its women."

## A BISHOP'S STARTLING REINTERPRETA-TION OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

OMETHING of a sensation has been caused in the theological world by an address recently delivered by Bishop William Lawrence, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, in celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of his consecration. This address. which has just been published in booklet form under the title, "Fifty Years" (Houghton Mifflin), is truly one of the startling manifestations of the religious mind in our time, and has be-

come a sort of rallying point in the everlasting struggle between conservative and radical ideas. On the one hand, such liberal journals as the Christian Register and the Churchman welcome the Bishop's utterance. former, the leading organ of the Unitarian Church in America, declares that his position is so indistinguishable from Unitarianism that it would take a theological microscope to find any differences; while the latter would like to place a copy of his booklet in the hands of every communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church. the other hand, the Living Church, which, like the Churchman, gives allegiance to Protestant Episcopal standards, explicity declares that "such a man" as the Bishop ought to "see the incongruity of acting as an official teacher of the Church." The fact remains that Bishop Lawrence leads the second richest diocese in this country, and is probably the most skilful administrator and moneygatherer in his communion.

The feature of Bishop Lawrence's address that has

caused the most offense is his statement that "there is no essential connection between the Virgin Birth fof Christ and the Incarnation." The entire address, however, is rationalistic and would tend to subvert doctrines that, a generation ago, were regarded as the very foundations of Christianity. The Bishop, by the way, decided to call his booklet "Fifty Years," instead of "Thirty Years," because, as he asserts, his memory runs back through thirty to fifty years.



Courtesy of the Churchman

AT SEVENTY-THREE, HE PREACHES FAITH AS AN ADVENTURE

"I believe," Bishop Lawrence says, "that the American youth are best won when faith is made an adventure, and when that adventure leads on through questions, struggles, sacrifice toward the truth.

When a student at Harvard, young Lawrence went one day to a lecture by the scientist, Agassiz, on the creation. That finished for him the Biblical story of the creation. Even before, he had "suspected and silently decided that the Bible was wrong somehow." He continues: "The theories of the inerrancy of the Scriptures, and of the inspiration of every word, received their fatal blow in the sixties and seventies, though thousands on thousands of the faithful know it not at this day."

The thought of God as an omnipotent creator who set creation going from a distant throne gradually fell into the background of Lawrence's thought before the revelation of "the Heavenly Father, who, as Creator, Savior, lives in and through nature and man. He is immanent—within us; His spirit transfigures us."

In the light of this conception of the Immanent God, the old idea of Christ's atonement also faded. Christ became a real man. "He was our Ideal, our brother, our life, and we went with him to the Cross. He suffered for us, of course; His was the complete sacrifice, in the same spirit in which the young hero suffered and died at Gettysburg for his country and ourselves, and we, won by Him, entered into the spirit of His life and were saved from disloyalty, sin and moral death."

Bishop Lawrence refers to the resurrection of Jesus as if it were a fact, but he can only interpret in figurative terms that article in the Creed which affirms belief in the resurrection of the body. In this connection he says:

"I believe in the Resurrection of the body' used to mean, of course, the resurrection of the flesh, the same material body that was buried in the earth. As late as 1884, when in Westminster Abbey, I myself heard Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, one of the most learned Biblical scholars of his day, object to the cremation of the dead on the ground that it would weaken faith in the resurrection of the body. These words now have a deeper meaning, more spiritual than before, that He who humbled Himself and became obedient to death upon the Cross,

who gave to us in His life the revelation of the Father, overcame the power of all spiritual enemies, overcame death, and entered again the life of the spirit victorious, his personality holding its integrity through to the end and in eternity.

"Upon my return from England that summer, I found a group of people, some of them physicians, who had been given the impression by some prominent religious leaders that, because of its supposed overthrow of the doctrine of the Resurrection, cremation was a pagan form and forbidden by the Church. Fearing that this misunderstanding, based on such an unspiritual interpretation, would create an additional cleavage between science and religion, and determining to throw my influence against such a cleavage, and in behalf of a more spiritual conception, I immediately joined a cremation organization, of which I have been ever since a Vice-President. I have no particular interest in the cremation or the burisl of my body; but know that my action had a helpful influence in creating a right understanding."

In the matter of the Virgin Birth, Bishop Lawrence was early a doubter. It is now a source of satisfaction to him to read in Bishop Gore's later works that the question of the birth is "secondary, not primary," in the modern, as in the ancient, church. He has never, he says, since his first canonical examinations as Bishop asked his candidates their position on this point. Indeed, experience has convinced him that the vital test of a young man as he enters a high calling is not as to what particular doctrine he believes to-day, but what, in the long run, he is, what "spirit, character or temper" controls him.

It is Bishop Lawrence's belief that American youth, inheriting religious faith, mental powers and alert bodies, are best won when faith is made an adventure, and when that adventure leads on through questions, struggles, sacrifice toward the truth. He tells us that he has found it impossible to stand still in thought and beliefs for two consecutive weeks. "The movement of thought and action, religious, social, political, scientific, philosophic, has been such in fifty years that one cannot

live and not move. One cannot hold fast to the dock by the cable at the stern as the ship sails out. With sails full and helm true, but with the charted stars and continents, with unerring compass, she leaps into the open sea."

There is danger, of course, in the individualism that may lead to anarchy, but the Church's mistake, as Bishop Lawrence sees it, has been to place undue confidence in her emphasis on creeds and on their recital. He rather sympathizes with Edward Everett Hale's suggestion that churches should make new creeds every year as birds build their nests. He goes on to say:

"In the tremendous changes of thought in these fifty years was it not incumbent on the members of the Church to study anew her Faith and the forms of expression of the Faith?

"I repeat the phrases, 'the Faith,' and 'the forms of expression of the Faith,' because they should be clearly distinguished from each other. The Faith is that which I or members of the Church, or the Church, hold to as the spiritual foundation of our life. It is something so deep, so mystical and vital that men cannot fully express it. The form of expression of the Faith, the formal Creeds, or formularies, or ritual, or our common language, is an imperfect medium. can never be an exact or full expression, and must be framed in changing forms to meet changing moods; or, if the form remains, and the wording of the Creed stands for generations, it must be interpreted and reinterpreted as the generations pass."

# THE SCIENTIFIC FAITH OF A NEW NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER

R. ROBERT A. MILLIKAN, of the Norman Bridge Laboratory at Pasadena, California, who has been awarded the 1923 Nobel prize for physics, is as stalwart a champion of religion as he is of science. He was instrumental, a few months ago, in drafting a manifesto, which was signed by Secretaries Hoover and Davis and by some forty other distinguished Americans, to the effect that religion and science are not only not antagonistic, but are both necessary to the progress and to the happiness of mankind. has delivered, on several occasions, eloquent and forceful addresses sustaining the same conclusion. His eminence as a scientific writer and as the inventor of a successful mechanism for counting and for measuring electrons, has naturally led to a widespread dissemination and discussion of his views.

The manifesto above referred to was submitted, it seems, to representative scientists, men of affairs and clergymen. Fifteen sixteenths of the scientists, Dr. Millikan assures us, signed it at once without a question as the statement of their belief. Three fourths of the men of affairs signed, and none expressed dissent. Two thirds of the religious leaders, most of whom were of the more conservative groups, signed. The response of the scientists appeals to Dr. Millikan as particularly significant. After this showing, who, he asks, can assert that science is materialistic and irreligious?

It is true, of course, that in certain periods there has been intense conflict between the leaders of science and of religion. The classic instance of Galileo facing his inquisitors comes to mind. But, from Dr. Millikan's point of view, such cases are exceptional, and even those inquisitors were far behind their own times and their own best traditions in supposing that there could be any real contradiction between religion, properly understood, and the findings of astronomy, properly understood.

The outstanding feature of Dr. Millikan's further reflections, as developed in addresses printed in the *Christian* 

Century (Chicago) and in Science (Lancaster, Pa.), may be said to lie in his scientific faith. There is something tonic, if not actually inspiring, in the attitude of a man who, despite all the different kinds of hell let loose in this world during recent years, can still speak of nature and of human nature in terms of predominant "good." He is thinking, when he uses this epithet, not only of the new world opened by physics to the eyes of mankind-"a marvelous world of electrons, already quite well explored, which underlies our former world of atoms and molecules, a world of quanta, not yet well understood, which lies perhaps beyond the other"-but also of a universal scheme designed to promote, through countless ages, higher and higher things. Science, he says, teaches that God is good. It also "furnishes man with the most powerful of motives to fit in with the scheme of goodness which God has provided in nature."

There are four items on the program to which Dr. Millikan attaches his faith. The first involves the fostering of a higher degree of both public intelligence and public conscience through our schools and churches. the school or the church will play the larger rôle in "getting us out of the jungle," he does not attempt to say; both are necessary. But "science," he continues, "imbued with the spirit of service, which is the essence of religion, and religion guided by the intelligence, the intellectual honesty, the objectiveness, and the effectiveness which is characteristic of the spirit of science, can between them, without a shadow of a doubt, in view of the rate at which discoveries are now being made and at which changes are being brought about, transform this world in a generation."

The second suggestion that Dr. Millikan makes is in the direction of such a reorganization of the teaching of science in the public schools as shall give a larger fraction of the pupils who go through our high schools and colleges more training, particularly in the

mathematical and physical sciences; for, according to his way of thinking, there is no training in objective, analytical thinking, nor in honesty and soundness of judgment, which is comparable to the training furnished by these sciences.

The third item on Dr. Millikan's program is in the nature of a prophecy that "public-spirited men are going to see more and more that the support in a large way of scientific research is an investment which brings the largest returns of satisfaction to themselves and of progress to mankind which can be made at all." It is his belief that no efforts toward social readjustments or toward the redistribution of wealth, such as so many well-meaning people are urging in a thousand different ways, have one-tenth part as good a chance of contributing to human wellbeing as have the efforts of the physicists, the chemists, the biologists and the engineers toward the better understanding and the better control of na-

The fourth and final plea made by Dr. Millikan includes all the rest. Religion and science must "join hands" and work together to save the world. To quote, again:

"There are a few scientists, it is true, but only a few, who forget the scientific method when they touch the field of religion and scoff at it without knowing anything about it, and these men, too, have their exact counterparts, perhaps in slightly larger numbers, in the field of religion where there is, I regret to say, a group of blind leaders of the blind, men who still follow the method of the jungle and are still imbued with its spirit of prejudice, preconception and intolerance. Yet the leadership in both science and religion is in the main imbued with both the spirit of intellectual honesty and objectiveness which is characteristic of science, and the spirit of altruism and service which is the glory of religion. This combination is the only nostrum which there is for human ills, the only hope for a paradise on earth, and each of us has the opportunity to do his bit toward bringing it about."

# GENIUS WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYBODY?

THAT genius can be acquired through self-conscious effort is the radical contention of Mary Austin, essayist and interpreter of the American Indian, writing in the Bookman. Contrary to the common belief that genius is a gift from the gods, a whisper of a spirit at the inner door of the mind, Mrs. Austin maintains that it is simply the capacity of the immediate-self to make free and unpremeditated use of racial material stored up in the "deep-self," or unconscious, as well as of material acquired in the course of individual experience.

According to Mrs. Austin, science knows nothing of how genius happens, or how the production of genius in the race may be fostered. Then she goes on to say: "My studies lead me to the conclusion that almost anybody has a little genius of some kind or other, but that most of it is lost to the world, through our stupid handling of it, by the time the subject has reached adolescence. . . It is natural that this conflict would occur at the period when the capacity for handing on the racial inheritance is ripened."

The question of the limitation of genius by the racial type is of the utmost importance in the United States. Nobody has done definitive work in this field, but Mrs. Austin's studies, which are by no means final, indicate that genius never crosses the blood stream. It does not appear possible for individuals of one race to have anything but intellectual access to the deep-life of another race, although there is some reason to conclude that such access may become instinctive after long association of one people with another, even without intermarriage. To illustrate:

"What we know as harmony in music is comparatively new in our racial experience, less than a thousand years old. It seems to have been acquired by the various present European races at about the same time. As a result, in all of them there are now born a large proportion of children who not only play instruments of harmony by ear—that is, from the deep-self—but have been known to compose harmony as early as the age of five.

"The American Indian, however, has not yet arrived at appreciation of harmony. Consequently, though he is exceedingly musical in his own mediumalmost any Indian you meet being capable of composing musical themes and melodies in the aboriginal scale-I have never found one of undoubted pure blood who can play an instrument of harmony by ear. Indians have been taught to play and sing in harmony, but if you watch any Indian school band you will discover that each performer is playing his part alone, and a shallow effect of harmony is produced by the aboriginal faculty for rhythmic coordination which enables all the players to come out at the same place. Half a dozen times in my search, which has extended over twenty years, cases of ear-playing Indians have been reported to me, but in every case not apparent at once to the eye, a little inquiry has shown the blood to be mixed."

The familiar, if disputed, saying that "genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains," is borne out by Mrs. Austin, who urges a more rational coordination between instinct and intelligence. Talents, she points out, are aptitudes which seem to be tied up closely to the physical constitution, like color perception, an "ear for music," a sense of rhythm, of proportion, of form. To liberate and use the knowledge which has been handed down to us through the generations is to have all the equipment of genius. In Miss Austin's opinion, when we have learned how to develop and employ our natural faculties and potentialities, the superstition of the "divine afflatus" will go.

Concluding, she writes: "We are probably safe in asserting that to be a genius at present means to have use of racial material without the trouble of acquiring it by conscious effort on our own account."

#### SUCCESS AS MR. WELLS DEFINES IT

ITH the thought in mind that the one thing every man desires is success, Mr. H. G. Wells, the celebrated English writer, has lately addressed himself to a consideration of what we mean and of what we ought to mean when we use that word. On either side of the narrow way to success, he has found, lie the broad paths to pseudo-success. One may have, as people say, risen in the world, one may have acquired possessions and securities, may be well enough known to be "food for the paragraph-maker and an attraction to that detestable midge, the autograph collector," and may still doubt whether any sort of success can really be claimed for one's life. Success, Mr. Wells points out, is something more than just getting on and stirring one's fellow creatures to envy. respect and tiresome attentions. "Besides the failure that looks like failure, the sort of failure we all know about, there is the failure that looks like success."

These thoughts are presented in a leading article in the American Magazine in which Mr. Wells pursues his theme to a definite conclusion. He has been much impressed, he says, by a recent book on success written by Lord Beaverbrook, "the brightest and most interesting of our modern rich men in Britain," and he names, as the really suggestive thing about this book, the streak of doubt running through it as to whether the sort of success it expounds is really success at all.

It has fallen to Mr. Wells to know one or two men of very great prominence pretty closely, men accounted enormous successes by most of the world and envied and admired by multitudes. He has followed the career of Lord Northcliffe, for example, with attentive curiosity and that of Mr. Lloyd George. And to him these two present themselves as tremendous failures. "But then," he writes, "the reader must remember that my standards of success are unorthodox; I account Napoleon I.

also as a tremendous failure. And it is not because Mr. Lloyd George has fallen from office and power and that Lord Northcliffe died in a phase of mental eclipse that I count them among the unsuccessful." Mr. Wells goes on to argue:

"Lincoln, the savior of American Unity, died tragically, but I count him a supremely successful man. Jesus of Nazareth was no failure, though he died a felon's death and had his life and teaching distorted beyond recognition by the theologians. Lord Bacon planned and prepared a great foundation for scientific inquiry, his works live forever, and the peculation and dismissal that darkened his last years cannot detract from his enduring success. I count Shakespeare a successful man, though he seems to have died half paralyzed and sunken to the level of a parochial somebody. Sir Christopher Wren, Shelley, drugged and diseased Edgar Allan Poe, Charles Darwin. Such names are stars in the heavens of successful living. But these others, Northcliffe, George and Napoleon, have done nothing but sprawl across the attention of mankind."

Mr. Wells chooses Lord Northcliffe (Alfred C. Harmsworth) as his type specimen of what he calls "the art of failure." He first heard of Harmsworth when, as a young man, he became his successor as editor of a small school journal. He watched how Harmsworth's realm spread upward from the purveying of weekly bales of snippets and readable twaddle, and such errand-boy joys as Comic Cuts, until he had a group of daily newspapers and could lay hands upon and control the London Times. It had been Harmsworth's ambition, from early youth, to create and own newspapers. At the age of forty-odd he found himself possessing and controlling all the newspapers he had ever hoped for in his wildest dreams. His tragedy lay in the fact that he did not know what to do with his newspapers after he got "His ways of living," Mr. them. Wells tells us, "were unconventional: he was less a snob than any other man I have ever met. But he was like a boy, living in a crowded tenement, who had bent all his energies upon getting a gun. And he had got it—tremendously—overwhelmingly—a bigger gun than he had ever hoped for—and ammunition—and everything except an aim."

It would be easy, Mr. Wells asserts, to show that Mr. Lloyd George, who has also greatly impressed the world, is a man who has also been the plaything of fate. "A large part of the so-called success in either case, as in most such cases," he says, "was due to the fact that they desired nothing permanent in life, had no creative drive in them, and no refractory standards. They took the world as it came; they took it with entirely prehensile,

it with entirely prehensile, inartistic hands. I submit they were not successes at all, but the mere spendthrifts of aptitude and good fortune. Their lives have been lives not of achievement but inflation."

Mr. Wells names, as men who have achieved "real and living success," John Maynard Keynes, author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" and present editor of the London Nation, and Albert Einstein, propounder of the theory of relativity. Even if they had never encountered the accident of an immense advertisement, if their work had been done in a field altogether outside the limelight of public attention, they would still, according to Mr. Wells, have to be accounted successful men. He concludes:

"You may object that I am comparing men of different gifts; and that it is unfair to set the intuitions of an investigator or the creative imagination of a musician against the organizing ability of a man like Lord Northcliffe or the political energy of a Lloyd George. But I am not comparing gifts but criticizing the use of



From "H. G. Wells" by R. T. Hopkins HE WARNS AGAINST THE "FAILURE THAT LOOKS LIKE SUCCESS"

In a recent article H. G. Wells declares that many people are quite unable to differentiate between "conspicuous flounderings" and real success.

gifts. Lord Northcliffe and his like have no pride in their gifts, but only in them-selves. He came into life when a new and great public in Great Britain was in need of a new press to give it information. light and leading. He gave it-to be plain about it-the commonest stuff it would stand. He might have created a new great public organ of expression and a new power in the state. He created a group of papers which is a propaganda on cheap and stale ideas and stillthough its influence is manifestly dwindling-a danger to the world. And Mr. Lloyd George with his gifts and opportunities might have done as greatly as Abraham Lincoln. At the end of his war, Lincoln talked of reconciliation; Mr. Lloyd George talked of searching the pockets of his prostrate enemy. It is time we began to recognize more plainly than we do at present the entire difference between conspicuous flounderings and success. Wealth, notoriety, place and power are no measure of success. The only true measure of success is the ratio between what we might have been and what we might have done, on the one hand, and the thing we have made and the thing we have made of ourselves, on the other."

## WONDERS DISCOVERED IN A PREHIS-TORIC TREASURY OF ART

NE of the most extraordinary archæological discoveries of recent time is reported by M. Jean Lebaudy, in L'Illustration (Paris), to have been made by the Abbé Lemozi, a country curé in the Department of Lot, in southern France, where, in



ROCK-DRAWING OF A PREHISTORIC HORSE Found in the cavern of Marcenac, France, with the head partly covered by stalagmites.

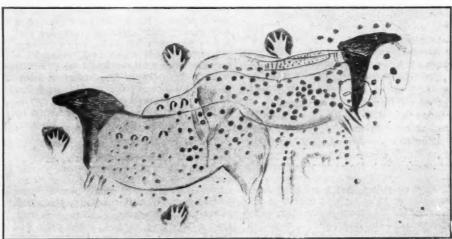
the gallery of "a subterranean temple, disused for 12,000 years, the walls bear pictures of some forty prehistoric animals—mammoths, bisons, horses, reindeer, fish—painted in red and black or engraved. Here and there are ten or so hands silhouetted in red ochre. The whole work is starred with symbols that are not decorative, but appear to be hieroglyphics."

The actual discovery, made by chance, is credited to a boy of fourteen who

had learned from the Abbé something of subterranean exploration and "who, having nothing better to do one day in July, 1922, visited a certain cavelike aperture on his father's land. Provided with a candle, he squeezed into a small gallery which soon grew larger

with the promise of assuming immense proportions." The excited lad climbed back to sunlight and told his father, who sent a message to the Abbé.

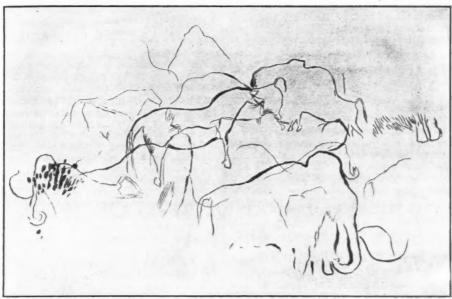
Guided by the lad, we read, the Abbé Lemozi penetrated to two great halls lined with columns of bewildering variety and shape. "Some are smooth, others regularly notched like the trunk of a palm tree freshly lopped. Here is an acanthus capital; here one that overhangs in Romanesque knots. Here



© L'Illustration-Jean Lebaudy

PAINTED WHEN THE MAMMOTH ROAMED FRANCE

A picture, in the remarkable cave-gallery discovered in southern France, of hooded horses, a pike, votive hands, and hieroglyphics of a prehistoric religion.



A ROCK-DRAWING ESTIMATED TO BE 15,000 YEARS OLD

It measures 10 by 16 feet, showing mammoths, horses and cattle on the wall of a subterranean gallery
in the caverns of Caberets, France.

is a pillar fit for Notre Dame; there a mere taper, a bar of a cage, a crystal cord stretched from ground to roof, and vibrating at a touch. It was through this marvelous Propylæum that one passed from one hall to the other."

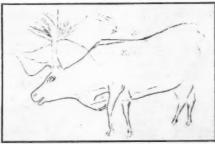
A time later the Abbé and his young scout discovered another tunnel by scraping away the soil and breaking stalagmites with hammers to force a passage. They found, says the writer in L'Illustration:

"An immense gallery, about 125 yards long by 12 broad. There was little stalagmite decoration, but on the walls were about forty pictures, engraved or painted in black and red, representing prehistoric animals—mammoths, bisons, horses and fish. Here and there were

ten detached silhouettes of human hands in red ochre. The whole of the work was starred with symbols which were not decorative, and must therefore be more or less hieroglyphic. There was no sign of any human hearth or implement. Up to now the Abbé Lemozi has found only one flint graving tool, and on a raised cornice—placed there, consequently, by human hands—a bear's tooth. On the ground were remains of animal bones and—a still more moving sight—traces of footprints in the hardened clay. On the ceiling, at a height of some twenty-three feet, were engraved interlacing

engraved interlacing designs. How was that done without scaffolding, for those primitive folk had no knowledge of such apparatus? And what light did they work by?

"With the great hall of paintings are connected two small 'salons.' One is comparatively large and contains a beautiful engraving of a



MAGDALENIAN PICTURE OF A REINDEER
IN THE CAVE OF ST. EULALIE
It measures 6 by 4 inches and is one of the finest
specimens of prehistoric artistry.

bear. The other is smaller, and contains engravings, paintings, bones and fossilized excrement of bear, indicating a prolonged occupation by the animals. What desperate conflicts must have raged in this cavern-fangs against spears! Which remained masters of the field?

"The drawings are not all of the same M. Lemozi regards them as a little earlier than the Magdalenian paintings of Eyzies. The Age of the Reindeer is very shadowy, extending over several thousands of years. It is enough to know that it was the first to deserve the title of

"According to M. Marcellin Boule, the Palæolithic race immediately preceding (that is, the Neanderthal race) could not properly be called 'Homo sapiens.' They were beginning to make things, to fashion axes and javelins, but that was hardly enough to merit the name of 'man.' The reindeer-hunter, on the other hand, and especially the Magdalenian, had his religion, his rites, his sanctuaries, his works of art. It is only there that humanity, in the sense of civilization, begins. In such places as the Caves of David, therefore, we touch on the true origins of our European race."

#### ROBBING EARTHQUAKES OF THEIR TERROR

HILE Japan clears the wreckage occasioned by the recent earthquake, the forces of science are being marshaled to find a way to prevent repetition anywhere on earth of such a catastrophe. Not that earthquakes can be prevented, because they are due to structural changes in the earth itself, but, reports R. E. Martin, in Popular Science Monthly, means of forecasting earthquakes so that the inhabitants of a threatened area may flee in safety before the quake arrives, and the construction of quakeproof buildings - these are the goals toward which science is working.

The importance of the task is evident when we consider that 160,000 earthquakes actually have been catalogued and some 4,000 earthquakes are annually felt in different parts of the world.

Dr. Bailey Willis, emeritus professor of geology at Stanford University, asserts unequivocally that man and not nature is to blame for the disastrous consequences of earthquakes in localities like Japan, Chile and California, known to be in the earthquake zone. His statement is based on observations in Chile, where he has been investigating causes of earthquakes for the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C. He points out that it is not the earthquakes themselves - the actual ground tremors-that cause the frightful loss of life, but the events that follow the quakes-the falling of masonry, the fires, the floods from reservoirs and similar things.

"To construct a house that will withstand an earthquake is not difficult if you can command the right materials and good carpenters. A point that has not been recognized generally by architects or engineers is that it is the earth that moves. while the house tries to stand still. If you could put a ball-bearing between your house and its foundations, it would be safe in time of earthquake. This idea is embodied in every instrument for recording earthquakes and was applied many years ago by Sir John Milne to the construction of a lighthouse in Japan. I believe it can be introduced successfully in some combination of bearings, springs or shockabsorbers.

"For the ordinary house a broad ditch packed with cobblestones on which there rests a well-braced frame of heavy beams would not be a bad substitute. It would allow the ground to slide around under the house, which could be jacked back into position with reference to such unstable things as trees, garden walks, and roads at your convenience."

Doctor Willis adds that the displacement within the earth that results in rock slips that science now regards as the cause of earthquakes is developing below the surface for months before the quake occurs. This displacement usually does not actually reach the surface, but produces vibrations or waves that can be recorded by special instruments as a means of obtaining forewarning of the coming quake. The vibrations travel great distances at high velocity before they die out. "The instruments will have to be set up in many places, and records kept for years before the science of predicting earthquakes is set on a firm basis. I think it is not at all unlikely that in the future earthquakes can be predicted much as the weather can be predicted now. Warnings can be sent to threatened districts and measures taken by the populations to save themselves."

## STEFANSSON BRAVES THE WRATH OF VEGETARIANS

EGETARIANS should rise up in arms and whet their indignation, if not their appetites, on Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, who deals a blow to the popular fallacy that man cannot live on meat In the London Spectator, recounting his arctic experiences in accustoming a score of average Americans and Europeans to a hundred per cent. meat diet, he states that his men ate square meals at first, but gradually lost their appetites, until at the end of two or three weeks they were nauseated by the very thought of meat. And they usually went without meals, sometimes for one day and sometimes for longer. It was at this point that the medical-school experiment was stopped, for the experimenters were prepossessed by the belief that the men were about to die. "My view, however. was that the revulsion against meat was psychological and would in due time be overcome by hunger. This invariably turned out to be the case. After a more or less prolonged fast the men commenced nibbling; presently they nibble some more, and at the end of a few days they are eating square meals again. Within a few weeks they have regained normal weight, and at the end of six months they are feeling and looking as well as they ever did in their lives."

Stefansson estimates that out of eleven and a half years in the polar regions he has spent about three thousand days on a hundred per cent. meat diet. For the first two or three years he used to "hanker" frequently for vegetables and fruits, but by the fourth or fifth year he ceased to do so except as one may after twenty years think occasionally of mother's cooking or in a foreign country recall the staple dishes of one's native land.

After stubbornly contesting the evidence as to whether life on a meat diet is possible at all, the second line of defense is usually to say that, while it may serve for an Arctic climate, it would never do in the so-called temperate zones or in the tropics. On this point it is not easy to get much evidence, for, by the nature of tropical and temperate civilization, vegetable foods are more abundant than animal and are eaten for that reason. However. Dr. Carl Lumholtz, who spent considerable time among the aborigines of northern or tropical Australia, records that the people he lived with ate vegetables only when they had to. According to his account they were forced to this by a scarcity of meat much more frequently than occurs with the Eskimos, but they have always looked upon it as a hardship.

The common supposition is that a meat diet would lead to rheumatism, gout and premature old age. Stefansson says he has yet to feel his first twinge of rheumatism, his blood pressure is normal for his age, and "several of the leading specialists in New York have just examined me and have found no trace of any of the consequences that are supposed to follow from a meat diet"

# MAKING PLANTS AND FLOWERS WORK EXTRA HOURS

T is as easy to fool a flower or vegetable as it is a hen, in the matter of making it work overtime by means of artificial light. In a series of tests, scientifically conducted by Westinghouse engineers and by horticulturists, it has been proved that when subjected to the hot, piercing rays of powerful electric lamps turned on at night, beans and tomatoes, asters and begonias, among other vegetables and flowers, developed at a rate far exceeding that of similar plants left entirely dependent upon sunlight.

The New York Evening Post reports, on the authority of its representative who was present when the tests were made at the greenhouses at Baldwin. Long Island, that every effort was made to conduct an absolutely fair experiment. The seeds of twelve flowers and twelve vegetables were sown in small shallow boxes, flats, as they are called. There were two sets of each variety. Over one set six powerful lights were placed. The other set was left to the sun. Furthermore, there was a dark curtain between the two to prevent the plants dependent on sunlight alone from receiving electrical stimulus at

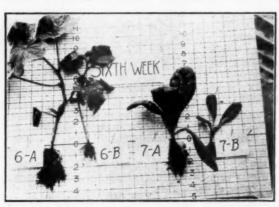


© Gilliams
FORCING PLANTS BY ELECTRIC LIGHT
Astonishing results are being obtained by horticulturalists through the use of 500-watt lamps
trained on the hothouse beds from 8 p. m. to

night. There was the same soil used in all the boxes.

Every night at 8 o'clock the electric lights were switched on and left burning until 1 o'clock. Daily measurements were taken of the plants in the experiment. Even to the casual eye the beneficial effect of the artificial light was evident in the case of the broad-leaved varieties, such as lettuce and endive. It was not noticeable at all in the root plants, such as the radish and the beet.

Dr. A. B. Stout, director of the New York Botanical Gardens, and Samuel G. Hibben, manager of the illuminating bureau of the Westinghouse



CONTRASTING VEGETABLES GROWN BY SUNLIGHT ALONE AND BY BOTH SUNLIGHT AND ELECTRIC LIGHT 6-A and 6-B are Lima beans, and 7-A and 7-B are Egyptian beets subjected to a scientific test.

Company, who had charge of the tests, are frank to declare that until further experiments are made under different circumstances and on a larger scale no

definite prediction can be made as to the financial possibilities of the proposition. Its scientific aspect is of very definite interest, if not importance.

## A UNIOUE LAND AND SEA CABLE

ABLES are usually thought of as undersea means of communication from continent to continent. It comes, therefore, as a surprise to read that 5,600 mile cable route, most of whose length is stretched out across the solid dry land of Europe, has just reopened for business.

Reference to the accompanying map chester, England, to London; thence across the North Sea to Germany; across Germany and Poland and then Odessa: thence around the Black Sea,

will show how the line runs from Mansouth to the great Russian port of southeast to Persia and into India, terminating in the great port of Karachi.

This is the main line. A branch, not shown on the map, runs from Odessa to Constantinople, thus hooking it up to the rest of the world. branches connect interior cities of Turkey and Armenia with Teheran in Persia.

This important cable linking Europe and Asia and, incidentally, one of the longest overland systems in the world. was one of the first to be cut when hostilities commenced in 1914, and it has only just been possible to restore it to service. Much of the cable system in Poland and South Russia was destroyed during the war, and has only been rebuilt with difficulty.



DESPITE DISTURBANCES IN MIDDLE EUROPE, DIRECT TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION
BETWEEN ENGLAND AND INDIA HAS BEEN RE-ESTABLISHED

We are not informed, however, as to the time required to transmit a message from Manchester to Karachi via this 5,600-mile line.



O more interesting news has come out of academic circles for some time than the announcement that the Poet Laureate of England is to join the faculty of the University of Michigan as an exchange professor. Local poets laureate the United States has always had in plenty, but they have been so by reputation or assumption only. Robert Bridges is to the manor born in a

great tradition.

As the New York World observes. he is the real thing in more than an official sense, for "no other writer of verse in modern times has been quite so careful, so withholding, so little given to uncritical outpourings. Instead, Mr. Bridges has written so little and that little so thoroughly considered that he has accumulated but a thin sheaf of poems, despite the imminence of his eightieth birthday. Being a scholar of distinguished attainment, conversant with all that has been done in his field, he attempts nothing hastily, executes nothing badly, makes none of the mistakes which the average poet accepts as inevitable. Strangely enough, he has written no occasional verse, probably because he knows by observation that most occasional verse is bad."

Neither, it may be emphasized, has he written any one great poem or even one lyric with enough swing and romantic quality to catch the crowd. He is not a popular laureate, as was Tennyson or even Wordsworth. But he is an educated man and his presence at Ann Arbor should be a cultural

stimulant.

Commenting on the fact that the English Laureate is going to a western, rather than an eastern, seat of learning, a New England writer, in the Christian Science Monitor, considers that "possibly the abounding and practical West needs a poet and critic of Mr. Bridges' culture and restraint more than the effete East needs him. Like another, he may feel that he comes rather to the lost sheep than to the saved. Gopher Prairie is not in Michigan, but it is not far away."

Coincidentally, Robert Bridges succeeds Robert Frost at the Michigan university, the latter having returned to his native New England to reside after a year or more spent at Ann Arbor. In his new book, "New Hampshire" (Henry Holt), Mr. Frost celebrates that commonwealth, although he lives in Vermont and teaches in Massachusetts. In this collection, which is appropriately dedicated to Vermont and Michigan, are several poems which have already appeared in columns. Among others that are delightful of their kind are the following:

#### STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

By ROBERT FROST

W HOSE woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake. The only other sound's the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep. But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep.

#### GATHERING LEAVES

BY ROBERT FROST

S PADES take up leaves No better than spoons, And bags full of leaves Are light as balloons.

I make a great noise Of rustling all day Like rabbit and deer Running away.

But the mountains I raise Elude my embrace, Flowing over my arms And into my face.

I may load and unload Again and again Till I fill the whole shed And what have I then?

Next to nothing for weight; And since they grew duller From contact with earth, Next to nothing for color.

Next to nothing for use. But a crop is a crop, And who's to say where The harvest shall stop?

As a footnote to the foregoing we reprint from Christopher Morley's column, The Bowling Green, in the New York *Evening Post*, the following poetic tribute to the New Hampshire bard:

#### ROBERT FROST

#### By MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

H ONEST and keen as his mountain-top winds

Searching eternal things under blown leaves,

And patient as rock in the bed of a stream Waiting for time to widen his channels; Preferring to toil by the small quenchless

Of his spirit, cupped in a cranny of granite,

Knowing that storms cannot injure the stuff

That he works in—minute vibrant pieces of life—

He ponders and plies at his forge in the woods

And smiles for the pain and the love of his craft.

Oh, Robert Frost, I salute your New Hampshire!

Quality, not quantity, is the distinguishing feature of Edna St. Vincent Millay's 39-page booklet "A Few Figs From Thistles" (Harper) in which we find:

#### FIRST FIG

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

MY candle burns at both ends; It will not last the night; But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends— It gives a lovely light!

#### THE UNEXPLORER

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THERE was a road ran past our house Too lovely to explore.

I asked my mother once—she said That if you followed where it led It brought you to the milkman's door. (That's why I have not traveled more.)

#### RECUERDO

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

W E were very tired, we were very merry-

We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.

It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable—

But we looked into a fire, we leaned across a table,

We lay on the hilltop underneath the moon;

And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.

We were very tired, we were very merry— We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry;

And you ate an apple, and I ate a pear, From a dozen of each we had bought somewhere:

And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,

And the sun rose dripping, a bucketful of gold.

We were very tired, we were very merry, We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.

We hailed, "Good morning, mother!" to a shawl-covered head,

And bought a morning paper, which neither of us read;

And she wept, "God bless you!" for the apples and the pears,

And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.

There is an eary quality to the following verses from *The Poetry Review*, which makes the poem uncommonly attractive—to us at least:

## FIR BRANCHES DARK ACROSS THE MOON

#### By AGNES-MARY LAWRENCE

FIR branches dark across the moon!
Fear in the branches sits and swings.
Soundless the sweep of the owl's soft wings,

Green eyes lit with a baleful glare, Beak curved cruelly and talons bare. Fear in the branches sits and swings.

Fir branches dark across the moon!

Fear in the branches wakes and stirs.

Close stand the ranks of the watching firs.

Green eyes fixed in a hungry stare, O my Lady Owl will have dainty fare. Fear in the branches wakes and stirs.

Fir branches dark across the moon!
Fear in the branches laughs aloud.
A rustle of dread where the shadows
crowd.

A silent swoop through the still night air-

And my lady applauds from her hidden lair.

Fear in the branches laughs aloud.

The author of the following poem, which fills out a page in the London Spectator, bears a name that is new to us, but the poem displays evidence of mature craftsmanship:

## THE CHEST BY HUMBERT WOLFE

O NE day, leaning over the chest In the musk-scented dark of my mind,

My fingers, trembling, at last
Will learn there's no treasure to find.
When the god who moves in the dusk
Has emptied the secret cache,
And even the scent of the musk
Has quietly faded, I'll wish
Not for the day when lanterns,
I had not kindled, lit
A secret life, that the sun turns
To stone with white dust on it,
Nor for the whispered token

That opened a hidden door
On a moor where gorse and bracken
Bloomed, and there was no moor.
I shall not wish nor wonder
When cold, serene, august
The daylight lays my slender
Victories in the dust.
For though I shall be blind then
And nothing for me will happen,
Others of my own kind then
Will be throwing my windows open
On stranger lights than my lights
To tunes I left unspoken,
And watch through lovelier twilights
Stars, that I knew not, beckon.

Such a sonnet as follows need never go a-begging for an audience—even such a generous audience as it has found among readers of the New York World colyumist, F. P. A.:

## HE IS NOT DESECRATE By DAVID MORTON

LIFT up the shuttered eyelids that were

On splendid pageantries once pictured there:

We are too tardy, they are centuries gone; There is no road to countries that they fare.

And heed the pulse if it be swift to change.

And listen at the lips if still they keep Some words that once were passionate and strange

For one who heard . . . and smiled . . . and fell asleep.

He is not desecrate; his life were all Inviolate still within his own brief day: Some joy of swords . . . or April at his wall,

Music . . . and heartbreak . . . and a name to say

Of one who somehow touched his youth with dream,

And passed, another leaf upon the stream.

Probably there is more of the spirit of patriotism than of poetry in the ensuing Armistice Day memorial verses which have been syndicated in a number of Anglo-American newspapers, including the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

#### LONDON TOWN

BY RUDYARD KIPLING (November 11, 1918-1923)

WHEN you come to London Town, (Grieving—grieving!)
Bring your flowers and lay them down At the place of grieving.

When you come to London Town, (Grieving—grieving!)
Bow your head and mourn your own,
With the others grieving.

For those minutes, let it wake (Grieving—grieving!)
All the empty heart and ache
That is not cured by grieving.

For those minutes, tell no lie
(Grieving—grieving!)
"Grave, this is thy victory;
And the sting of death is grieving."

Where's our help, from earth or heaven, (Grieving—grieving!)
To comfort us for what we've given,
And only gained the grieving.

Heaven's too far and earth too near, (Grieving—grieving!) But our neighbor is standing here, Grieving as we are grieving.

What is his burden every day?
(Grieving—grieving!)
Nothing man can count or weigh,
But loss and love's own grieving.

What is the tie betwixt us two (Grieving—grieving!)
That must last our whole live through?
"As I suffer, so do you."
That may ease the grieving.

Between Kipling and Sandburg is quite a stretch of earth and water, but they share a common ability to write both noble and atrocious verses. Appearing somewhat inappropriately in Vanity Fair is the following word-picture which may or may not be a poem:

#### EVEN NUMBERS

BY CARL SANDBURG

A HOUSE like a man all lean and coughing, a man with his two hands in the air at a cry, "Hands up."

A house like a woman shrunken and stoop-shouldered, shrunken and donε with dishes and dances.

These two houses I saw going uphill in Cincinnati.

Two houses leaning against each other like drunken brothers at a funeral.

Two houses facing each other like two blind wrestlers hunting a hold on each other.

These four scrawny houses I saw on a dead level cinder patch in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

And by the light of a white moon in Waukesha, Wisconsin,

I saw a lattice work in lilac time . . . white-mist lavender . . . a sweet moonlit lavender . . . .

Nestling in a corner of the *Christian Science Monitor*, we come upon these quaint lines which probably are better known to other appraisers of good poetry than they are to us:

#### THE TRAVELING MAN

BY WINIFRED LETTS

S PRING, the traveling man, has been here,

Here in the glen;

He must have passed by in the gray of the dawn,

When only the robin and wren were awake,

Watching out with their bright little eyes In the midst of the brake.

The rabbits, maybe, heard him pass, Stepping light on the grass,

Whistling careless and gay at the break o' the day.

Then the blackthorn to give him delight Put on raiment of white:

And all for his sake.

The gorse on the hill where he rested an hour,

Grew bright with a splendor of flower. My grief! that I was not aware Of himself being there:

It is I would have given my dower To have seen him set forth,

Whistling careless and gay in the gray of the morn,

By gorse bush and fraughan and thorn, On his way to the North.

# WHAT THE COAL TRADE OF EUROPE MEANS TO US

F the 177,600,000 horse - power developed on a commercial scale in the last year of record. 1919, from coal, petroleum, natural gas and water, coal furnished 160,600,000 and remains the dominant driving force of the world. Commerce Reports informs us also that nine-tenths of all the coal consumed comes from two areas, one embracing the coal fields of the eastern part of the United States, the other, including Great Britain, Germany, Belgium and northern The European area supplies France. about half of the total output, and about forty per cent. comes from the North American fields, although these proportions are rapidly changing. We read:

"As late as 1860 Great Britain alone produced four-fifths of the world's coal, and while British output increased steadily until in 1913 it reached its peak with a production of 287,000,000 tons, its proportion of the world's production sank steadily from eighty per cent. in 1860 to twenty-one per cent. in 1913. This relative decrease in the development and control of the driving power of the world was principally due to the economic rise and development of the United States and Germany, with the coal development of France, Belgium, Austria, and the rest of the world as contributing factors

"Side by side with this change in proportion of total output, there has been a steady decline in the output per man in Europe and an increase in the output per man in the United States. At the present time, generally speaking, one coal worker in the United States produces about three times as much coal in a year as a European worker. This is due to many reasons, among which may be stated that, in the first place, the coal seams in America are closer to the earth's surface and are flatter and thicker. Labor - saving machinery is used to a far greater extent in America, about sixty per cent. of American coal being mined by machinery and only about fifteen per cent. of European coal. However, in addition to all these

factors, it seems probable that the American miner actually works harder."

It is stated that, apropos of the adoption of the seven-hour working day in the foreign coal fields, a steadily increasing number of men have had to be employed to mine the same amount of coal. In England the production per man per day averages about 0.9 ton; in Germany, prior to the French occupation, it has been about 0.6 ton, and in France and Belgium slightly more.

The output of coal in Great Britain was almost exactly the same in 1922 (252,000,000 tons) as in 1906, but in 1922, 1,100,000 men were employed to mine it as against 875,000 in 1906. On the other hand, each worker receives about forty-five per cent. more wages than he did in 1913, so that with the decreased output the price of coal remains high.

"In Great Britain during the first quarter of 1923, 1,087,733 workers in the coal mines produced 67,077,543 tons of salable coal which sold for £58,156,716, or at the current rate of exchange, \$267,518,409, a little less than \$4 a ton. Judging by the figures for the first quarter, each of these million-odd workers were employed 280 days during the year and produced 252 tons of coal worth about \$1,000. If his year's production is worth only \$1,000, it is obvious that his wages would be considerably lower than this amount. As a matter of fact, each worker received on an average \$2.22 per day (at current rates of exchange), and although his wages were higher during the remainder of the year it is safe to say his year's income did not exceed \$700."

In Germany, France and Belgium the situation is much the same. The small output per man makes the price of coal high for manufacturing purposes so that Europe can not sell cheaply enough to dispose of its goods and thus obtain money to buy more American raw material.

# HAWAII FACES A REMARKABLE LABOR CRISIS

AWAII is facing a peculiarly involved and interesting labor crisis, the character of which is reflected in a resolution pending in Congress that proposes "the temporary admission into Hawaii of alien labor, including Chinese, under the supervision of the Secretary of Labor, for the purpose of providing an adequate supply of suitable field labor for the basic agricultural industries of the Territory, without which the Territory cannot continue to exist as an American commonwealth."

Reporting the situation, in the Survey, Louis R. Sullivan reminds us that our South Sea Territory, agriculturally one of the richest island regions in the world, has achieved great economic importance through the pineapple industry, with an export trade of \$30,-000,000 a year, and the sugar industry, with an export trade of \$100,000,000 a "At the same time, the racial character of the population has been subjected, under the influences of these industries, to an almost unbelievable change." The present racial composition of the island population may be seen at a glance on the accompanying chart.

According to this investigator, who has spent some time in Hawaii as a representative of the American Museum of Natural History and the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, "far and away the best immigrant non Caucasian stock in the islands is the Chinese. making thrifty, kindly, law-abiding citizens who mind their own business entirely. . . . The Portuguese, though often regarded with more or less smiling contempt, are looked upon by those in high places as one of the most valuable elements in the immigrant population, being industrious and thrifty to a degree often reckoned a vice. The children leave school and go to work rather earlier than the children of

most races, on account of the pressure of large families. . . . The Koreansthe most clannish people in the Territory—are physically vigorous but have contributed to the Territory very little aside from labor in exchange for wages. . . . It is particularly difficult to characterize the Japanese and to do it fairly. They suffer from the fact that they are relatively recent arrivals, noticeably racially and present in dominant numbers. Strangely enough, however, their presence has excited the people outside of Hawaii a great deal more than it has the people in Hawaii. Aside from introduced propaganda there is no acute local antipathy toward the Japanese. As individuals most of them are well liked and respected. It is only as a national group that they are distasteful. There is a tendency to be suspicious of their group motives. Naturally this tendency is reciprocated."

Of the minor groups that have entered Hawaii there is little to be said. Many of them have turned out to be undesirable or were so dissatisfied or so unqualified for the work that they have been returned to their homes. Of those who remained, the Porto Ricans and Filipinos will probably, it is said, prove the most unsatisfactory in the long run. "They do not rank high as laborers nor give promise of making very good citizens. Immigration from the Philippines and Porto Rico should certainly be discouraged."

The great barrier to assimilation in the archipelago is, of course, the overwhelming number of orientals—20,000 Anglo-Saxons and seven times as many Asiatics. This writer is positive that the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans can never be Americanized, but "the industrial prosperity of the islands does not demand that the orientals be stripped of their own culture and have

ours forced upon them." Meanwhile the majority report on the resolution pending in Congress declares that "the industry of Hawaii must inevitably pass into the hands of the Japanese under the present conditions and such a transfer of economic control in the western outposts of America would practically destroy American influence in Hawaii."

# THE COSMETIC URGE AND PATENT MEDICINE MANIA

N these days of stupendous national debts defying payment, it is reassuring to learn what large totals the American people spend on luxuries and semi-necessities. Saunders Norvell, representative of a prominent firm of drug manufacturers, at an advertising convention the other day illustrated the power of commercial publicity by pointing out that the inhabitants of this country in 1922 spent \$100,000,000 for chewing gum, \$73,-000,000 for cosmetics, \$145,000,000 for scented toilet soaps and the remarkable sum of \$800,000,000 on patent medicines of "infallible" curative properties.

He might have added that we spend \$700,000,000 a year for tobacco, nine or ten millions each for artificial flowers and billiard tables, a quarter of a billion or more for confectionery and ice cream, and about a hundred million each for jewelry and talking machines. We used to spend something like \$600,000,000 a year on drinks, hard and soft, and although, to quote the New York Herald, "the energetic men engaged in the hard-drink traffic nowadays do not court publicity, they

seem still to be diverting a great deal of money." One of them in New York is being pursued by the Government for the difference between \$166, which he paid as income tax in 1922, and \$766,000, which, it is charged, he should have paid. To quote the Herald further:

"The carrying charges on our public debt were about a billion dollars at their worst and are now declining steadily. The debt itself represents perhaps 8 per cent. of the national wealth, which is nearly the percentage of the Civil War debt to the national wealth in 1870. This is very bad, but in the light of the statistics it is not positively disastrous. The luxurious nation, like the luxurious individual, has one stock answer to those who advocate a more frugal style of living. This is that it is always possible to reduce. But we do not have to give up our cosmetics or our scented toilet soaps. The very fact that we-or at least the more beautiful half of the nation-are able to indulge ourselves in these superfluities is a sign of superabundant national wealth. The cosmic and the cosmetic urges are one and the same. The evidence that we have the wherewithal to retrench makes it unnecessary to do so."

# FRANCE BOASTS NEARLY 50,000 MILLIONAIRES

DISCUSSING the fortune of 1,200 millions of francs left the other day by an industrial magnate of Lyons, France, the Excelsior (Paris) states that, according to the latest statistics, there are 48,531 millionaires living in France and that of these 187

enjoy incomes of more than a million francs. (To gauge the value of the franc in comparison with its pre-war purchasing power it must be divided by three and a half.) The few Frenchmen who derive from business or property an income of a million francs have the equivalent of \$60,000 a year to do with as they will, and when they die the state takes half.

The most numerous class of income taxpayers in France is that which is grouped as earning or receiving 10,000 to 20,000 francs a year. They number 320,127. The class below them, with incomes ranging from 6,000 to 10,000 francs, numbers 272,274. The incidence of wealth and taxation in France follows rules well known in other coun-

In France a landowner is usually a peasant or farmer, and among incomes with a maximum limit of 10,000 francs agriculture supplies 19 per cent. Of incomes ranging from 50,000 to 100,000 francs a year land only supplies 13 per cent., and in the case of incomes of over half a million francs the proportion falls to 7 per cent. Huge fortunes are rare, and among the favored persons who possess them, business men and manufacturers are by far the most numerous.

## AMERICA LEADS THE MOTOR PARADE WITH 12 MILLION CARS

PPROXIMATELY 14.743,468 motor cars and trucks are in operation in the world, according to a census recently completed by Automotive Industries. This country has 12,364,377, or 83.8 per cent. The number outside the United States is 2,-These figures represent an 379.091. increase of 17.12 per cent. over the 1921 world registration survey. The

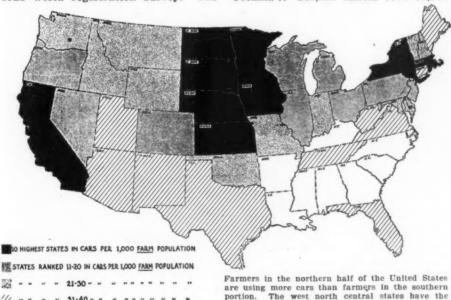
registration by continents shows North and South America well in the lead by virtue of including the United States, with Europe second. The totals as given for the last year of record are:

North and South America...13,078,279 (713,902 exclusive of U.S.)

Europe ...1,302,153 Asia ......144,479 Oceania .. 147,189 Africa .... 71,368

greatest density of cars and the southeastern area

the smallest.



MIDDLE WEST FARMERS HAVE MOST CARS PER THOUSAND RURAL POPULATION

1/1 ... . . . 31-40 - -

About 190,000 new motor vehicles were sold in Europe last year, despite unstable economic conditions in many areas. Higher registrations are shown in nearly every country. The world has needed additional transportation and has found means to get it. Currency fluctuations, political upheavals and economic stress have all hindered automotive sales, but material progress has been made nevertheless. In a recent statement about the world economic situation for 1923, Herbert Hoover pertinently says: "Outside of Europe the world has shaken itself free from the great after-the-war slump. The production and commerce of Asia. Africa and Latin America have recovered to levels above the pre-war. The enforced isolation of many areas of Latin America and Asia during the war has strengthened their economic fiber by increased variety of production and has contributed vitally to their economic recovery."

Leading automotive exporters bear

out this favorable forecast. Latin America, Australia, Scandinavia and India are looked upon as specially favorable markets for the next twelve months.

The Spanish and Portuguese-speaking countries, most of which are in South America, have as many cars in operation as Asia and Oceania combined.

American exporters played a large part in the selling activities, which increased the number of motor vehicles outside the United States by some 295,-000. American cars and trucks to the number of about 185,000 went into operation throughout the world during 1922. Thus it appears, American manufacturers supplied some 63 per cent. of the new motor vehicles sold in foreign fields in the last twelve months. The American figure used includes American and Canadian exports and the production of Ford foreign assembly plants, since this is the only figure which gives a true picture of American automotive export business.

## U.S. SHIPS CARRY 40% OF OUR TRADE

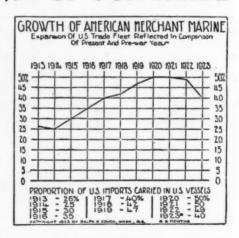
ESSELS flying the American flag and owned by citizens of this country now are transporting approximately 40 per cent. of the foreign trade of the United States.

Prior to the World War from 25 to 26 per cent. of the tonnage entering American ports was under native registry.

Growth of the American merchant marine can be traced directly in this data.

From 1920 to 1922 American bottoms represented nearly half of the tonnage entering American ports. That period represents the peak. It is, however, not high enough, according to advocates of the merchant marine. They contend that the United States should itself carry 60 per cent. of its trade.

From 1922 to the present American trade carried in native bottoms represents a decline. Whether this decline



will continue for long is not clear. It is certain, however, that the proportion of American trade carried in native ships never will return to the low proportion of the pre-war period.



Franklin P. Adams, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley and Don Marquis—have been lately surveyed and appreciated in an article which, while admirable of its kind, deals only in generalization and positively cries out for specific illustration. This article, by Carl Van Doren in the Century, is summarized on page 49 of the present issue of CURRENT OPINION, and suggested the thought that each of

the four columnists described be asked to name for quotation a favorite prose passage or poem of his own, recently published. The thought was carried out; the columnists responded; and the selections furnished by them are reprinted here.

A race-horse, an attack of the grip, a baby and a poetic parody all figure in the result. Here is "F. P. A.'s" selection:

"Papyrus on a big boat with everybody betting on the ship's run must feel terribly out of things." F. P. A.'s colleague on the World, Heywood Broun, is not sure that he really belongs among the wits. He has sent us, however, the following piece which he likes and which seems to him characteristic:

"We were not quite fair to the grip while we had it. Now that it is gone, many of its aspects seem benign. A reasonably discreet fever, say between 101 and 102, is distinctly exhilarating.

"We feel lighter than we ever did in

health. In fever times there even comes to us a confidence that we could dance were we minded to. . . . The motion is that of one floating easily on top of big breakers in a heavy sea.

"On and on we soar, on the upswing out of bed and boredom. As long as the tide holds, nothing in particular matters.

"But then the clutch of the ebb seizes hold. The descent to life begins. Worries and particularities reach out. But they miss you. Yes, a really hearty fever will never quite let you down into the clutching hands. Just in time the upbeat begins. Soon the big hands are only



MANHATTAN COLUMNISTS

Adams, Marquis, Morley and Broun (from left to right) are shown here in a fanciful picture made for the Century by Harry Turner. "Like their elder prototypes, the columnists occasionally foregather in what might once have been called taverns or coffee-houses, or sit each in his favorite haunts with his friends and hangers-on."

fluttering flecks and instead of grasping at you they only wave farewell. The upward rush stirs a breeze against your face. But it is a hot wind. It grows more scorching. That's the sole trouble with fevers. If there were only such a thing as a cool fever nobody would dream of enduring health."

Mr. Morley, of the *Post*, declares that *his* selection will be understood only by parents. It is entitled "A Separation," and deals with his baby—"Babblings," as he calls her—at a time when she has been weaned and removed from the parental bedroom.

"I haven't seen her for four days; and walking home the other evening I realized . . . that what I missed most of all were those private conferences we had, before breakfast, while I was getting dressed. ... We both understood them perfectly, each of us in our own way. She won't tell about them - no, not ever - because she won't remember them; and I am not one to let loose secrets shared with a lady, even the youngest. No, we'll respect an eternity of taciturnity. I'll have to confess, however, that there was just a little element of trickery on my part. Because, dressing finished, tie tied, hair brushed, all ready to make a break for the cup of coffee and the train, I wasn't quite honest. I gave her a kinsprit grin, and said (this was pretty bad): 'I'll be right back.' I think she got the impression I was just going out of the room for a moment or so and would return to be entertained further. In that way I got off without distressing her. And then I never did come back, not till night time. It wasn't quite straight, maybe. I remember her eyes followed me to the door.

"This is bad; because I'm giving the impression that she liked me as much as I liked her. That's not so, of course. In a few seconds she had forgotten me entirely. She had far better company, all day long. The best company in the world, indeed. And of course I had plenty to think about, myself. But I didn't realize, until the bedroom was so painfully quiet, how much she meant. . . And I haven't seen her for four days, not since she spent her first night away from home, in a manner of speaking."

Don Marquis, of the *Tribune*, suggested that we use his poem, "Mr. Hawley Breaks Into Song"—a parody on the "King David" by Stephen Vincent Benet which won, last year, the *Nation's* annual poetry award. Here are the first three stanzas:

King David was a setting there on the Walls of Jerryko

When he seen a gal in a bathing suit upon the beach below;

The bathing suits of the Early Days was them that Natcher made

With nothing addishinal added on to furnish warmth and shade,

"Where have I saw that face afore?" inquired his royal grace.

Says the lord high Execushioner: "I hadn't noticed her face."

"You go and find her husband's name and other simmilar facks,"

Says the king to the Execushioner, "and measure his neck for an axe;—

"For the tirtle doves is singing sweet, as a matter of fact, it's Spring,

"And just for the sake of argyment I'll show him who is king!"

"How does Yure Majjisty know she is married?" the lord high axman said. "Most ladies as lovely as that," says the king, "is all ways somewhat wed.

"You go and put up a job on her spouse, something effishent and slick,

For I am a goanto marry that dame, I'm a goanto marry her quick.

"The cuckoo birds is a singing loud, and the signs all point to Spring,

"And just for the sake of argyment, I'll show 'em who is king!"

And the king sings out to the little dame: "Come hither, my pretty lass!

"As a most exxperrienced Pettryarch, I'll say you got the class!

"Tonight, at a quarter to twelve, my dear, your husband gets the knife;

"Tomorrow, eleven o'clock A. M., we hitch as Man and Wife."

"Yure Majjisty, what will the Naybors say if we pull that stuff so soon?"

"Oh, tell the naybors it is May, and soon it will be June,

"And the Bumbling Bees is bumbling by —oh, what the hell, it's Spring!
"And just for the sake of argyment, I'll

'And just for the sake of argyment, 1'1 show 'em who is king."





## Giving the Telephone Life

Wherever your thought goes your voice may go. You can talk across the continent as if face to face. Your telephone is the latch to open for you any door in the land.

There is the web of wires. The many switchboards. The maze of apparatus. The millions of telephones. All are parts of a country-wide mechanism for far-speaking. The equipment has cost over 2 billion dollars, but more than equipment is needed.

There must be the guardians of the wires to keep them vital with speech-carrying electrical currents. There must be those who watch the myriads of tiny switchboard lights and answer your commands. There must be technicians of every sort to construct, repair and operate.

A quarter of a million men and women are united to give nation-wide telephone service. With their brains and hands they make the Bell System live.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service and all directed toward Better Service







## At Last! AFurnace Oil-Burner Every Family Can Afford

#### FITS ANY FURNACE OR STOVE

The Oliver burner fits all hot water, hot air or steam furnaces as well as all types of coal or wood ranges and heating stoves. Quickly and easily installed without thange. No noisy motors, no electrical connections, no moving parts. This invention equips any furnace to burn a new cheap fuel called Oil-Gas. Three times the heat of coal, without any of the drudgery. And so low in price that any family can afford its convenience and cleanliness and comfort.

NO wonder American families have welcomed this amazing invention that has revolutionized home heating. Every householder has long realized the wonderful convenience and economy of burning oil. And now this new fuel has been made available for every home at a new, low price.

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Mr. B. M. Oliver, the well known
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simple mechanical device which
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cheapest fuel there is. The result
is a perfect fuel gas that burns with
an intense, clean flame in any size
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—giving three times the heat of coal.

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This simple device, without noisy motors, without electrical connections, without any moving parts—converts any furnace into an

automatic heating plant. Maintains a steady, even temperature in coldest weather. Quickly installed without change to your furnace. Absolutely safe. Lasts a lifetime.

Perfect Heating Guaranteed
The performance of the new
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gives everyone the opportunity of
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# FINANCE & INVESTMENT

ROM whatever angle one seeks to examine the financial and business factors which will shape the investment situation in the new year. a single dominant element must be weighed carefully at the beginning. That is taxation. The country has digested the recommendation for reductions made by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. Furthermore, the country has thrived upon the meal. The nationwide approval of Mr. Mellon's proposals, which would cut down Federal imposts upon incomes by some \$300,-000,000, was decidedly heartening to business in November. The security markets also felt the stimulus of hope, although the effect upon quotations was not marked after the first flush of activity.

The thought of bankers and manufacturers, freight shippers and freight carriers, sellers of goods and consumers of goods, was pretty well concentrated on the tax outlook in the last days of the old year. Without going into details of Mr. Mellon's proposal, it may be worth while to recount some results expected if his ideas were carried out.

Tax experts calculated that 70% of the reduction would benefit taxpayers with incomes of \$10,000 or less. Not more than 200,000 taxpayers report incomes in excess of \$10,000, contrasted with the more than 6,600,000 persons who report on incomes of \$1,000 and up. In other words, of the cut of more than \$300,000,000 which the Treasury head recommended, over \$200,000,000 would affect the incomes of a great mass of people who have become a strong factor in the present-day bond market.

Now, \$200,000,000 is not a vast sum

as figures of finance go nowadays. In the first ten months of 1923 more than \$4,000,000,000,000 of new securities were disposed of in the United States. Nor is there reason to believe that what every man and woman saves in taxes will be invested in securities, but the tendency toward thrift has so broadened since the war loans were floated, that tax reduction of any substantial extent seems altogether likely to produce an increased interest in investments.

Much has been written and preached about the flight of large-caliber capital into tax-exempt securities. And much is now being said about the advantage business will reap if the rich man is again able to invest at a satisfactory rate in taxable bonds. But to the writer the really great product of a general lowering of income taxes would be the widened investment field among people with comfortable incomes, from \$5,000 to \$20,000. If the approximately 500,000 people who come within these limits were able to buy no more than \$500 of securities a year with the money saved from taxation, the new capital resources would amount to the rather tidy total of \$250,000,000.

The possibility of lower taxation, whether Mr. Mellon's plan is followed or modified, produces some interesting speculation about municipal bonds. It is well known that the tax-exemption features of these issues has had two far-reaching results in the last six years. Millions upon millions of taxable incomes have gone into them, and municipal governments, taking advantage of a favorable market, have issued an extraordinary amount of securities. It is estimated in well-

(Continued on page 110)



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Greenebaum Bonds-100× Safe Since 1855

(Continued from page 108)

informed quarters that fully \$12,000,000,000 of State, city, county and other bonds of this class are now outstanding.

The leading question is whether or not a marking down of income supertaxes would cause heavy sales by wealthy investors who could profitably switch from municipal issues to corporate bonds and stocks. Municipal bond experts are giving a great deal of thought to this possibility, and municipal authorities are no less keenly interested in it. It would be disturbing to American finance in many directions if, through a sheer weight of sales, the credit obligations of great cities should decline as Liberty bonds fell under similar circumstances in 1920.

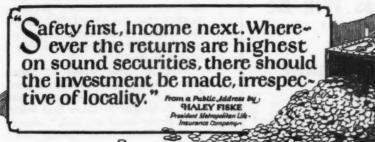
In far-sighted bond circles it is felt that such an event would hardly-occur under stress of any such tax cut as the Congress may vote. It is expected that municipalities will be more likely to curtail borrowing than that heavy liquidation will appear. When the output of any kind of new securities declines, the market for existing issues of that kind usually benefits. We saw such a situation among railroad bonds during the period of government control, when Federal financing relieved the public of a burden.

It is to be remembered that insurance companies, savings banks and other institutions are constant buyers of municipals, and these securities are usually in the strong boxes of well-to-do investors whatever the state of taxation.

It is too early yet to forecast in any broad way the effect of tax changes upon securities. By the time this article appears, the Congres will probably be engaged with tax legislation and the matter of rates should, if past experience is a criterion, be talked back and forth for many weeks. But it is difficult to see how reductions, large or small, affecting average incomes as well as large ones, can have anything but a favorable influence upon funded issues of all kinds.

In general, business and finance enters 1924 under good auspices. In re-

(Continued on page 112)



## Let These 21 Words Guide Your 1924 Investing

Here, in a nutshell, is the whole doctrine of sound and profitable investing, which any investor can apply with his own funds. The big life insurance companies have invested more money in the South (the region stretching from Virginia to Texas, where we finance building construction) than in any other section of the United States. Good Southern investments meet the two fundamental requirements—safety and a liberal yield. The records show that the hundreds of millions of Southern mortgages and municipal bonds owned by insurance companies pay a higher average return than such securities in the North and East.

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For your January reinvesting, and all through 1924, you can safely let yourself be guided by the 21 words quoted above. Safety and a good rate of interest—up to 7%—are combined in Miller First Mortgage Bonds, secured by income-earning properties in Southern cities. Mail the coupon today for description of bonds now available, and for circular "Why the South Offers Investment Opportunities."

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## "Business Will Be Better"

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If you believe that poor business is directly ahead, you should consider most carefully the possibility that it is not, before committing yourself to any line of action which may result in a definite loss of money — or opportunity — or both.

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The definite conclusions and the reasoning behind them are stated briefly and concisely in our latest bulletin. A complimentary copy will be sent you on request. Mail the coupon today.

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(Continued from page 110) spect to business, they might be more favorable, but there are few discouraging signs on the horizon. We learned in 1923 that the 110,000,000 people in the United States consume an enormous quantity of goods when they are buying normally.

Even in those weeks of Summer when a seasonal slackening of production was made somewhat more extensive than usual by fears that business was "going ahead too fast," aftermath of an intensely busy Spring, freight-car loadings kept close to 1,000,000 a week. From early September to the middle of November new high records for loadings were made with monotonous regularity, and the only deduction possible from the figures was that goods were moving into consumption on a tremendous scale.

Steel and iron, while not so active as in the early Summer, are in a healthy condition. The fact that steel production, measured by the U.S. Steel Corporation's business, receded from 90% of mill capacity in late September to around 80% in December, must be viewed in the light of present vast manufacturing facilities, increased probably 30% since 1913. The export trade in steel, like most other products. remains considerably below normal and this is one subject for concern. This is not merely because the outside world is buying less American steel than usual-only a fraction of our output ever goes into export channels-but for the reason that sluggishness is symptomatic of the general trade posi-

There is always hope, however, of an early change in foreign business, especially in Europe. While the political deadlock over Germany appears discouraging, underneath one sees from time to time indications that French and German business men are grappling intelligently with their problems. And it seems not impossible that 1924 will bring much greater consumption and production of goods in European countries, a freer interchange of products despite unfavorable currency conditions, than occurred in 1923.

(Continued on page 114)

## Firm Investments

The First Mortgage Bonds secured by improved income producing city properties which we have sold have proved to be firm in value through wars and depressions as well as in periods of prosperity.

These bonds likewise have paid interest and principal regularly year in and year out.

Today throughout the country investors who have purchased these bonds from us take pride at their judgment in selecting firm, carefully safeguarded holdings.

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THERE is only one definite, simple, investment rule—use Common Sense.
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Following the rule of "Common Sense" we have written a clear, definite investment book, "How to Select Safe Bonds." This book tells how you may judge the merits of any investment—how you may select the investment best suited to your needs—how you can protect your principal against loss or mismanagement. It gives in condensed form the investment experience of over 39 years—during which time no customer has ever lost a penny of either principal or interest on any Forman investment. This book is now free to every investor. Mail this request blank for your copy.

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A bright spot in our home affairs centers on the improved state of railroad earnings. Results in October are usually good for reference, as the peak of the year's traffic is generally reached in that month. The net earnings of 40 leading railroads were 25% higher last October than a year before, and these carriers in the ten months ended with October earned, in net, fully 20% more than in the same period of 1922.

The properties referred to run in all sections of the country, and the forecast permissible on the basis of the reports is that the full year's statements will disclose a gain of at least 15% in net earnings over the preceding year. The rail income situation speaks well for investments in good railroad securities. Authorities state that the carriers as a whole are in better physical shape than at any previous time in the last five years.

The entire business situation-manufacturing, transportation, wholesaling and retailing-are closely bound together. When one suffers, suffering is found among all; by the same token, what profits one aids the others. Probably the commonest point of contact between them all is supplied by labor and labor conditions. A railroad strike keeps goods from delivery, and distribution feels the adverse effect. And when the wholesaler and retailer are unable to sell goods freely, because the buying power of customers is curtailed by slack employment, the trouble backs up to the railroad as well as the manufacturer. Hence, a strong element in the present business position is the generally full employment of labor.

The corollary to record railroad freight movement is high-record department-store-sales, reported by the Federal Reserve Board as a feature of October business, with the volume continuing heavily in November and December.

The notably unsatisfactory spot in the domestic business field is agriculture. But here, too, the outlook is much better than it was last Spring, due to

(Concluded on page 117)

# GREATER SAFETY with 7% in the South

7% First Mortgage Bonds offered by Caldwell & Company embody definitely superior features of safety made possible by the normally strong demand for money to finance the steady growth of prosperous Southern Cities.

YOUR Money can earn this liberal rate of interest in bond issues so safeguarded that you can recognize for yourself the exceptionally high degree of safety of principal and income.



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Current offerings of our First Mortgage Investments, secured by improved, income-producing property in Washington, D. C., will pay you  $6\frac{1}{2}\%$  whether you buy outright for cash or under our Investment Savings Plan. State and Federal tax-free features bring the gross yield to 7.13%.

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(Continued from page 114)

the improvement of grain prices. In the South a short crop of cotton is being compensated for in large degree by

an unusually high price.

Anyone who predicted a business boom in 1924 would be acting outside the present record of things as they Booms have become unpopular are. with most persons except the stock speculator who hopes always that there will be another one, sending its signals in advance. From the present viewpoint, it looks as though business would be good, with perhaps some slackening until the tax program is definitely outlined. The recovery in recent weeks of about half the loss sustained by the stock market earlier in the year, recorded in average quotations, is taken by many as a forecast of business activity in the Spring. The stock market discounts major movements long in advance. The difficulty has always been, and probably always will be, to determine just what the market is trying to tell at any particular date.

(END)

## 1924~ Will General Business Boom-or Slump?

Prices—up or down? How about wages, sales and credit conditions?

The Babson Barometer Letter of January 1st gives you the plain facts on the situation and contains information that may be worth hundreds, possibly thousands of dollars to you.

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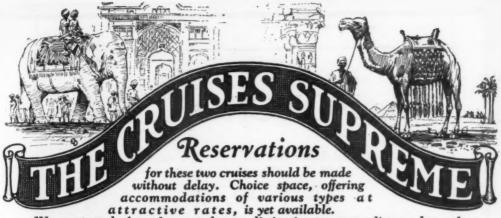
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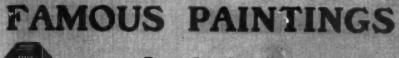
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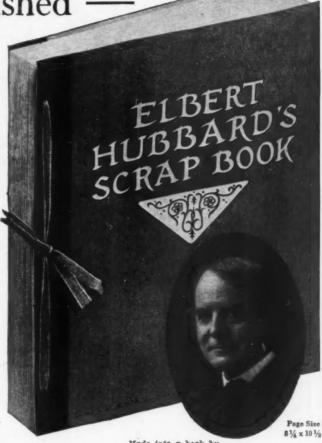
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## AN ISSUE THAT WILL NOT DOWN

### By DR. FRANK CRANE

DWARD BOK, a sane and public-spirited American citizen, of Dutch extraction, admirably equipped by intelligence and experience to understand the American people, has tendered a prize for the best essay concerning what America should do to prevent War. Doubtless the reason for this action was his conviction that there is no matter on earth so important as the elimination of War. In this everyone who is not a knave or a madman will agree with him.

In considering this topic of course the first fact that confronts one is the fact of the League of Nations. This is not a theory, not an idealistic proposal; it is a well-formed plan that has been in existence for some

three years.

There are over sixty self-governing nations in the world. At the conclusion of the last horrible war over fifty of these nations formed a League for the avowed purpose of developing some method so that such a war would not occur again.

Several facts are outstanding.

The first fact is that the League is the first plan ever proposed, by a majority of the nations of the world, by which to get out of the old order of rival armies into the new order of cooperation, a substitution of law for force.

The second fact is that nobody has proposed any other plan that is in any way feasible. The League remains the only possible alternative of another and more terrible war within a few years.

The next fact is that there is a deliberate and vicious attempt made by certain parties in the United States including senators and newspaper editors to misrepresent the whole issue to the people.

Mr. Bok made a plain, straightforward proposal for the purpose of dignified and orderly public discussion. When this proposal was discussed in the Senate, that group of senators who have done their best to oppose it and to sacrifice the hope of the world to partisan success, bitterly attacked it.

They claimed that voting on the Peace Plan, as the New York Times stated editorially, was "a sort of lese-majesty, or flying in the face of Providence to those who thought that they had forever disposed of the League. They never tire of asserting that it is a judged and condemned thing. Americans put it finally away from them in 1920 by a majority of seven million. If anyone now dares to question that verdict, he is no true patriot, and in all probability is a hired traitor."

This sort of stuff is worse than nonsense. It is a vicious falsehood.

The League was never voted on by the American people.

A considerable part of the voters for Mr. Harding were secured under the impression that he and his party would favorably consider "an association of nations."

All that Mr. Bok, Justice Clarke, and others are endeavoring to do is to find out what the American people really think; and propagandists of isolation, chauvinism and war should be reminded that the League will never die until some other propostion has been advanced that is not only more practical, but has a better chance of winning the approval of the world.

Those who oppose progress will die, and no honor awaits them after death.

But progress cannot die.